

THE LIVING AGE.

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VOL. X

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VOL. CCXCVII

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THE LIVING AGE

ITS SEVENTY-FOURTH ANNIVERSARY

JUST seventy-four years ago today—on the 11th of May, 1844—Mr. E. Littell published at Boston the first number of *THE LIVING AGE*. For twenty years he had published *Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature*, and *Littell's LIVING AGE* was virtually a carrying forward of that very successful enterprise under a new name and changed conditions. *THE LIVING AGE* today therefore lacks only six years of being a centenarian—and a robust and vigorous centenarian, as its readers will admit.

When Mr. Littell published his prospectus, Justice Joseph Story, Jared Sparks the historian, and Chancellor Kent were among those who sent letters of warm approval and gave their names as subscribers. The next year, ex-President John Quincy Adams expressed his appreciation in the following letter:

Washington, 27 Dec., 1845.

Of all the Periodical Journals devoted to literature and science which abound in Europe, and in this country, this has appeared to me the most useful. It contains indeed the exposition only of the current literature of the English language, but this, by its immense extent and comprehension, includes a portraiture of the human mind, in the utmost expansion of the present age.

J. Q. ADAMS.

Recent letters from President Wilson and United States Senator Lodge, reproduced here in facsimile, indicate that public men of today have a similar opinion of the value of *THE LIVING AGE*.

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

6 February, 1917

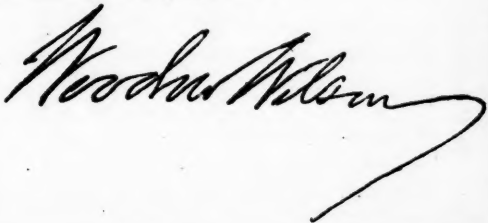
My dear Mr. Foxcroft:

I have all my reading life valued
THE LIVING AGE very highly and every Christmas
a year's subscription to it is my favorite
Christmas present to friends at a distance. My
own subscription lapsed not because of any lack
of appreciation, but simply because I found
that as practical duties pressed more and more
upon me it was less and less possible for me to
read anything systematically, as I used to read
THE LIVING AGE.

I know that you will appreciate my
hesitation to receive so interesting a gift, but
I would be delighted to have you put my name again
upon the subscription list and send me a bill for
it. I would like to show my appreciation of the
very unusual journal.

Cordially and sincerely yours,

Mr. Frank Foxcroft,
The Living Age,
Boston, Massachusetts.

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read "Woodrow Wilson", with a long, sweeping flourish extending from the end of the name.

H. C. LODGE, CHAIRMAN.
E. T. CLARK, CLERK.

United States Senate,

COMMITTEE ON PRIVATE LAND CLAIMS.

March 17, 1917.

My dear Mr. Foxcroft:--

I have received your letter of the 15th. The Living Age was taken by my grandfather when it began and has been taken by my family and myself ever since. We find it most useful and satisfactory, containing as it does the most important articles appearing in foreign reviews and magazines. We have always depended upon it and I hope that the Living Age will have every possible success in the future as in the past.

Very truly yours,



Frank Foxcroft, Esq.,
The Living Age,
6 Beacon St., Boston.

THE LIVING AGE

Founded by E. LITTELL in 1844

NO. 3853.

MAY 11, 1918.

THE NEW ELECTORATE AND THE NEW LEGISLATURE.

"I don't believe there will be a King in Europe in two years' time, or that property of any kind is worth five years' purchase." So Lord Sefton wrote to Mr. Creevey in October, 1830. His gloomy anticipations were inspired partly, we may suppose, by the recent collapse of the legitimist monarchy in France, partly by the still more recent advent to power of a Whig Government, pledged to a measure of Parliamentary reform in England.

Seftons and Creeveys still abound, and their anticipations as to the immediate future are certainly not less doleful than those of their predecessors. Whether there is more solid foundation for political pessimism to-day than there was ninety years ago is a question which must not be permitted to detain us. Now, as then, the principle of "legitimacy" has lately received a staggering blow; now, as then, we are confronted at home by the imminence of political changes so stupendous as to give pause even to the most careless and light-hearted among us.

The passing into law of the Representation of the People Bill is, beyond all question, a political phenomenon not merely of great magnitude, but of high significance. The magnitude of the measure is so obvious as to be almost platitudinous; its significance, though not less certain, is perhaps more subtle. Nevertheless, despite the risk

of laboring a commonplace, something may be said on the former, before I attempt to maintain the latter thesis.

Perhaps the readiest means of measuring the magnitude of the changes involved in the Reform Act of 1918 is to compare that Act with the three Reform Acts of the nineteenth century. The cumulative effect of the latter was tremendous, but even in the aggregate the changes were not more drastic and were distinctly less dramatic than those which the new Reform Act foreshadows. But alike in its genesis and in its passage through Parliament the last of the series aroused far less excitement—at any rate, until the last scene of the last act—than any of its predecessors.

The Reform Act of 1832 was the outcome of prolonged agitation; its progress through Parliament was accompanied by an outbreak of grave social disorder; between the introduction of the first edition of the Bill in March, 1831, and the passage into law of the third edition on June 7, 1832, there intervened a dissolution of Parliament, and the resignation of a Ministry; and its enactment was secured only after long and acrimonious debates and a severe and protracted struggle between the two branches of the Legislature. The old system died hard, though it had long been indefensible. The vagaries of the old electoral franchise

were utterly bewildering even to the constitutional expert. The last general enactment in regard to the county franchise dated back to the eighth year of Henry VI, when the franchise was restricted to the 40s. "freeholders"; while the borough franchise had never been legally defined at all. The result was that in the boroughs the utmost variety of qualification prevailed. In some, known as "Scot and Lot boroughs," all ratepayers were entitled to vote; in others only the hereditary freemen; in others only members of municipal corporations; in others all persons with a hearth of their own, known as "potwallopers"; while, in some, the franchise attached to the ownership or occupation of particular houses, the "ancient tenements." But whatever the franchise, the qualified electors were few. In the whole of the United Kingdom they were estimated by one authority at only 160,000. It was alleged by another that out of 513 members for England and Wales 70 were returned by boroughs which had practically no electors, 90 by boroughs with less than 50 apiece, and 37 by boroughs with less than 100. The 66 Scotch boroughs contained in the aggregate 1,450 electors.

Not less anomalous was the distribution of seats. Since the industrial revolution wealth and population has shifted from the south to the north of the Trent, but neither Manchester, Liverpool nor Leeds had a single representative, while of the 203 parliamentary boroughs 115 were comprised in the ten maritime counties between the Wash and the Severn and in the county of Wilts.

The Act of 1832 effected drastic changes both in regard to the electoral franchise and to the distribution of seats. All boroughs with less than 2,000 inhabitants—56 in number—were totally disfranchised; those with less than 4,000—30 in number—lost one

member apiece. One hundred and forty-three seats were thus surrendered, and were redistributed as follows: 65 to English and Welsh counties; 63 to English boroughs, 22 large towns getting two members apiece, and 21 one; 8 to Scotland and 5 to Ireland. The numbers of the House remained unchanged, therefore, at 658. As regards the franchise, a uniform £10 household franchise was established in boroughs, with the reservation of the rights of resident freemen in ancient corporate towns. In the country £10 copyholders and long-leaseholders, together with tenants at will rented at £50, were added to the old 40s. freeholders. In all about 455,000 persons were enfranchised.

On the face of it the Act of 1832 seems almost insignificant as compared with that of 1918. But it is proverbially *le premier pas qui coûte*, and it is undeniable that the Act profoundly altered the center of political gravity in England. Since 1688 political supremacy had rested with the territorial oligarchy; the great magnates had dominated not only the House of Lords, but the House of Commons. Sydney Smith, writing in 1821, declared that "the country belongs to the Duke of Rutland, Lord Lonsdale, the Duke of Newcastle, and about twenty other holders of boroughs." Grossly exaggerated though the statement was, it contained an ounce of fact. The Duke of Newcastle did in fact return 11 members, Lord Lonsdale 9, Lord Darlington 7 and the Duke of Rutland, Lord Buckingham and Lord Carrington 6 apiece; and the analysis of Oldfield claimed to prove that in 1816, out of 658 members, no less than 487 were nominees. The power of the oligarchy was broken in 1832 and power passed into the hands of the middle classes, the manufacturers, merchants, shopkeepers and farmers. The change was a tremendous one. Yet, as a distinguished historian

has justly said, "neither the Whig aristocracy who introduced the first reform Bill, nor the middle class whose agitation forced it through, conceived it to be even implicitly a revolutionary measure." On the contrary, Lord Grey represented his proposals as "aristocratic," while his colleagues expressed the hope that "an effectual check would be opposed to the restless spirit of innovation" (Report of Cabinet Committee). The hope was very partially fulfilled.

The artisans were still excluded from all share of power, and bitterly did they resent their exclusion; the more so when Lord John Russell declared with singular ineptitude and lack of foresight that the Act of 1832 must be regarded as a "final" settlement. "Finality Jack" was largely responsible for the recrudescence of Chartism in 1837; but the fiscal reforms of Sir Robert Peel, followed by a long period of industrial, commercial and agricultural prosperity, knocked the bottom out of the Chartist agitation, and the artisans had to wait 35 years for their enfranchisement.

They received it at the hands not of the Whigs, but of the "new Conservatives." Disraeli's famous "leap in the dark" in 1867 was, in one way, more far-reaching than the Act of 1832; in another less. Redistribution was on a scale relatively insignificant. Eleven boroughs were totally, and thirty-five were partially disfranchised. Of the 52 seats thus surrendered, the counties, mostly in the industrial north, got 27, the boroughs 22, London University 1, and the Scotch Universities 2. The total number of the House remained at 658. As for the franchise, household suffrage was established in the boroughs, with the addition of a lodger franchise of £10; the basis of the county franchise was a £12 occupation. This extension of the franchise brought on to the register an addition

of 1,080,000 voters, mostly manual workers in the towns. Perhaps the most interesting feature of Disraeli's Reform Bill was an innovation in the method of voting. Mr. Hare, J. S. Mill and others had lately forced to the front the problem of the representation of minorities. The first draft of Disraeli's Bill contained a number of "fancy franchises": one of these was based upon proved educational attainments; a second upon the possession of funded property; a third on a savings bank deposit. But these "checks and counterpoises" did not long survive in the rough and tumble of debate. At the last moment, however, the House of Lords introduced a device for the protection of minorities. In three-member constituencies electors were to be allowed to give only two votes. The House of Commons, despite the strong opposition of Mr. John Bright, preferred the Lords' amendment to the loss of the Bill. The experiment of the restricted vote, though well worthy of a trial, failed to commend itself to the country. It might have fared better had it been tried on a more extended scale. In the thirteen constituencies immediately affected by it, it did not prove popular. In the seven three-member county constituencies a Liberal invariably obtained the minority seat; and it was the same in Liverpool; the Conservatives, as a rule, won the third seat in Manchester, and occasionally in Leeds and Glasgow. Birmingham, thanks to the organizing genius of Mr. Schnadhorst and Mr. Chamberlain, managed on each occasion to return three Liberals. The "restricted vote" gave birth to the caucus; but the child survived its parent.

If the Act of 1832 did not secure "finality," still less did that of 1867. Within five years of its passing an agitation was started for the assimilation of the county to the new borough franchise. A motion in this sense, gener-

ally fathered by Sir George Trevelyan, was one of the "hardy annuals" of the 'seventies. Not, however, until 1884 was the principle embodied in a Government Bill. In February of that year Mr. Gladstone introduced a Bill based upon a uniform household and lodger franchise in counties and boroughs. It passed without serious opposition through the House of Commons, but, on the motion of Lord Cairns, the House of Lords declined to assent to "a fundamental change in the electoral body" until they had before them the details of the promised scheme for the redistribution of seats. The action of the Lords had logic behind it, but the country resented delay, and a fierce agitation was aroused against the Second Chamber. The House of Lords stood firm, and a deadlock between the two Houses was averted only by the direct and tactful intervention of the Sovereign. A comprehensive scheme of redistribution was presented to Parliament in a specially convened autumn Session; and, satisfied as to its general outlines, the Conservative leaders allowed the Franchise Bill to become law in December. Under its terms over 2,000,000 electors—mostly agricultural laborers—were added to the register. The Redistribution Bill, the outcome of an agreement between the party leaders on both sides, passed into law in 1885.

The Act of 1885 was of considerable significance. It went a long way towards establishing the principle of equal electoral areas. All boroughs with less than 15,000 inhabitants, 81 in number, lost their separate representation, and all boroughs with less than 50,000 inhabitants lost one member. For the rest, with the exception of twenty-two boroughs, which retained two members apiece, and certain Universities, the whole country, counties and boroughs alike, was divided into single-member constituencies. In order to

carry out this scheme it was unfortunately found necessary to increase by twelve the aggregate numbers of the House. The precedent thus set has been followed with even more untoward results in 1917. The House, increased to 670 in 1885, has been further increased to 707 under the Act of 1918. The Act of 1885 set another and a more auspicious precedent: it was virtually an "agreed" measure; that agreement was reached, as we have seen, through the mediation of the Crown and Mr. Gladstone had good reason to "tender his grateful thanks" to the Queen, "for the wise, gracious and steady influence on her Majesty's part," which had "so powerfully contributed to bring about this accommodation and to avert a serious crisis of affairs."

It was contended and anticipated that the adoption, on a scale almost universal, of the principle of single-member constituencies would, among other advantages, secure adequate representation to minorities. This anticipation has been entirely falsified by the event. The new system has tended, on the contrary, to the exaggeration of majorities. The General Election of 1859 gave the Liberals a majority of 43; that of 1866 a majority of 67; that of 1868 a majority of 128. In 1874 the Conservatives had a majority of 48 over Liberals and Home Rulers combined; in 1880 the Liberals outnumbered Conservatives and Home Rulers by 46.

These figures offer a remarkable and significant contrast to the results obtained since 1886 under the single-member system. Leaving Ireland out of account, the Unionist majority in 1886 was 183; in 1895 it was 213; in 1900 it was 195; while in 1906 the Radical majority was 289. Did those majorities, so much larger than those which were commonly obtained in the elections immediately preceding the change of sys-

tem in 1885, accurately reflect the political opinions of the electorate? If so, there is, of course, no more to be said. But this conclusion is stoutly resisted by those who favor the more adequate and more equitable representation of minorities. Had the method of voting been according to the principle of "proportional representation," the results, it is contended, would have been vastly different. The Unionist majority in 1886 would have been 87 instead of 183; in 1895, 111 instead of 213; in 1900, 125 instead of 195; while in 1906 the Radical majority, instead of being 289, should have been 89. Only once in that period, namely, in the election of 1892, did the actual result correspond with that which a system of Proportional Representation would presumably have yielded. The Radical majority should have been 17, and 17 it was. It is not proposed to retread the stony path along which so many advocates and opponents of the system of "P. R." have trudged during the last few months. It may be that Mr. Hare's system is over-elaborate and over-scientific for this rough-and-tumble-world; it may be that, theoretically unassailable, it would in practice reduce politics to an absurdity; it may be that by diminishing majorities it would weaken the Executive; that it would break up the House of Commons into groups and would open still wider the door to cranks and faddists. But this at least cannot be gainsaid: that the single-member system—almost universally applied—had so far signally failed to fulfil the anticipations of those by whom it was recommended, and to afford any protection, or indeed any just measure of representation, to minorities. That there are practical inconveniences—perhaps insuperable under modern conditions—in the alternative system no candid person will deny; but the argument advanced in Mill's *Representative Gov-*

ernment remains as true today as when it was first indited; theoretically, indeed, it is unanswerable. It was, however, not J. S. Mill, but Mr. Hare, who first focused public attention upon this subject. So long ago as 1859 he published his *Treatise on the Election of Representatives*, in which he not only emphasized the problem, but propounded an exceedingly ingenious solution of it. Two years later J. S. Mill published his *Representative Government*, in which the whole question was discussed with characteristic lucidity. Mill was a logical and consistent democrat, and his logic compelled him to force the problem of the representation not merely of majorities, but also of minorities. "The pure idea of democracy, according to its definition, is the government of the whole people by the whole people, equally represented. Democracy as commonly conceived and hitherto practised is the government of the whole people by a mere majority of the people, exclusively represented. The former is synonymous with the equality of all citizens; the latter, strangely confounded with it, is a government of privilege, in favor of the numerical majority, who alone possess practically any voice in the State. . . . In a really equal democracy every or any section would be represented, not disproportionately, but proportionately. A majority of the electors would always have a majority of the representatives; but a minority of the electors would always have a minority of the representatives."

As stated in this *locus classicus*, the case for minority representation would seem to be theoretically unanswerable. The Speaker's Conference reported in favor of trying the experiment of proportional representation on a limited scale, but the House of Commons, confronted with it as a practical proposition, rejected it, at first with hesitation, but by steadily increasing majori-

ties at each subsequent trial of strength. The House of Lords, viewing the whole question with more detachment, arrived at an opposite conclusion. The Peers resolved to apply it not merely as recommended by the Speaker's Conference to the large boroughs, but to the counties as well.

Their new plan, somewhat hastily and not too skilfully devised, was summarily rejected in the Lower House—less, perhaps, on its merits than on grounds of practical expediency. The Lords, however, stubbornly refused to abandon the principle they had espoused, though willing to treat on the details of its application; and a situation menacing to the existence of the Bill itself developed with dangerous rapidity. In the end the Bill was passed, but with a proviso that Commissioners should be appointed to draft a scheme for the application of the principle to constituencies to be selected by them, and returning in the aggregate 100 members, or about one-seventh of the new House of Commons. The scheme, when completed, is to lie on the table of both Houses, and if neither House rejects it within twenty-one days it is to become part of the Act. So the matter rests for the present. But I anticipate the sequence of events.

The historical retrospect attempted in the preceding paragraphs may, it is hoped, serve at least one purpose. It will bring out, by way of contrast, the magnitude of the measure to which His Majesty has just given his assent. But that is not the only point of contrast between the Act of 1918 and its predecessors. The genesis of the present Bill was peculiar, not to say unique. Its provisions represent not the triumph of a party, but the result of an agreement reached at a moment when party conflicts are in abeyance and party lines are blurred. As far back as August, 1916, Mr. Asquith, then

Prime Minister, threw out the suggestion that the party truce should be utilized "to see if we cannot work out by general agreement some scheme under which, both as regards the electorate and the distribution of electoral power, a Parliament can be created at the end of the war capable of and adequate for discharging" the task of reconstruction. Mr. Walter Long, representing the Conservative section of the Coalition Ministry, warmly seconded the Prime Minister's proposal, and suggested the setting up of a Conference representative "not only of parties, but of groups," to work out an agreed scheme. The Speaker was accordingly invited to call such a conference; he agreed to do so, and he himself presided over it. Some thirty members of both Houses, "eminently representative of the various shades of political opinion in Parliament and in the country," were selected by him, and after some months of discussion and deliberation they drafted a scheme of reform which with singularly few modifications has received the assent of both Houses of Parliament, and is now embodied in the Reform Act of 1918.

The Act deals, among other topics, with the qualification of electors; with the registration of electors, and with the distribution of seats. It deals also with the method of voting; but of the original proposals under this head two of the most important have disappeared. The position of one of these—proportional representation—has been explained already; the other—the alternative vote—has been definitely rejected.

As regards the qualification of electors, the scope of the present Act is infinitely wider than that of any of its predecessors. Instead of the seven alternative franchises which have hitherto existed, three only will in future be valid: of these by far the most important is *residence*; a second is the

occupation of business premises; the third is the possession of a degree (or, in the case of women, its equivalent) at a University. The ownership vote disappears, and with it, except in severely restricted form, plural voting. Henceforward a man may have at most two votes—one for his residence and a second either for a constituency in which he carries on his business or for a University. The University franchise is widely extended, virtually to all who have taken the first Degree, but in the case of the Universities returning two members, each elector will be entitled to give only one vote. This "restricted" University vote is the only provision at present in the Act for the protection of minorities. Logical and reasonable as part of a larger scheme for proportional representation, its survival will serve only to recall the peculiar genesis of the Bill. University representation is allowed to continue, but only on condition that the conservatism of the old Universities is not permitted to affect the balance of parties.

By far the most striking innovation in the Bill remains to be noticed. For the first time the franchise is to be exercised by women as well as men; but the basis of qualification for the two sexes differs widely. A woman will be entitled to vote only if she is thirty years of age and is qualified as a "local government elector"; in other words, is a ratepayer or the occupant of unfurnished lodgings; or is the wife of a man so qualified. Other clauses provide for the registration of "absent voters" and for the casting of their votes either by post or by proxy. These provisions, cordially welcomed in the circumstances of the hour, will enable sailors, soldiers and others engaged on work of national importance abroad or afloat, to record their votes. In all, some 8,000,000 electors will, it is estimated, be added to the roll. The en-

franchisement is, therefore, on a scale four times as large as that of 1884, eight times that of 1867, and more than sixteen times that of 1832. It should be added that one disqualification, that arising from the receipt of poor relief, is partially removed by the Bill, and one disqualification is imposed. There was a general—though not a universal—consensus of opinion that the men who have declined on grounds of conscience to take part in the defense of the country, should not now, nor in the immediate future, be allowed to have any share in the control of its government. As ultimately adopted, the provision for the exclusion of conscientious objectors was, however, rigidly curtailed both as regards scope and duration. In effect it will apply only to the unworthy or the contumacious.

The period of qualification is to be reduced to six months; the register will, therefore, have to be made up twice instead of once a year, and half the expenses will be paid by the State, half out of local rates. It has been generally assumed that this provision will diminish the expenses falling upon the party organizations, and curtail the functions they have hitherto performed. So far from this being the case, it is certain that the Act will immensely increase both their responsibilities and their expenses. On the other hand, the cost of elections will be somewhat diminished, and the returning officers' expenses will be defrayed by the State. All polls are, at a General Election, to be held on the same day, but the declaration of the poll will be deferred by the provisions for taking the votes of absent voters.

It was not, however, around these matters, important as they are; it was not even around the clauses dealing with the franchises, colossal as are the changes involved, that discussion raged most fiercely. It was round the method of voting and the redistribution

of seats. As to the former—the introduction of the alternative vote and proportional representation—something has already been said; it remains to add some words as to redistribution. The principle which was to govern any scheme of redistribution was set forth explicitly in the report of the Conference as follows: "That each vote recorded shall, as far as possible, command an equal share of representation in the House of Commons." The standard unit of population for each member has, accordingly, been taken at 70,000 in Great Britain, though in Ireland it is to be 43,000. Forty-four old boroughs, including historic cities like Canterbury, Winchester and Chester, are extinguished, but boroughs with 50,000 or more inhabitants retain their separate representation, and the boroughs as a whole gain, on the balance, 36 members; the Universities, thanks to the enfranchisement of the new Universities, gain 6; and the counties lose 5. Thus the membership of the House is, unfortunately, increased by no less than 37 members: a serious addition to a House which is already unduly large. The old two-membered constituencies remain undivided, but elsewhere the single-member principle adopted as the basis of the Act of 1885 is, for the moment, carried out in its entirety. Should both Houses accept the scheme for proportional representation submitted to them by the Commissioners who are to be forthwith appointed, that principle will, as regards one-seventh of the new House of Commons, be substituted for the principle of single-member constituencies. But as to this the utmost uncertainty prevails. What is certain is that the adoption of minority representation will be very stubbornly resisted by a large number of the members who at present sit for the constituencies which are proposed as *corpora vilia* of the new experiment.

Such, in bare outline, are the main features of the Reform Act of 1918. Unprecedented in scope and dimensions, that Act is in accord with the principles which have governed the progress of Parliamentary reform during the last hundred years.

The several instalments of this legislative process are commonly said to mark, in the aggregate, the gradual triumph of "Democracy." It is thus tacitly assumed by English politicians and publicists that "democracy" and "representative government" are interchangeable terms. A moment's reflection will suffice to suggest an opposite conclusion. "Democracy" as a form of government was as well known to the ancient as it is to the modern world; yet representative institutions are peculiar to the modern State. Nor among modern States are the two ideas universally regarded as synonymous. Swiss publicists, for example, define "democracy" as the antithesis of representative government! To them true democracy is not indirect or representative, but direct. Rousseau, a native of Geneva, familiar with the idea of a city-State, passionately held the same conviction. The citizens of ancient Athens, or of other Greek States, could not have conceived of any other type of democracy; to them "democracy" meant the active and direct participation of every citizen in the administration of the affairs of his own city. Such participation was rendered possible, of course, partly by the rigid limitation of the size of the State, partly by the institution of slavery, which relieved the citizens of all necessity for manual labor, or even for what we regard as the ordinary business of life, and left them free for the performance of the highest duties of citizenship.

Between the city-States of ancient Greece or mediæval Italy and the great nation-States and world-empires of to-

day there can be no real analogy. The latter number their subjects not by thousands but by tens of millions, and they count among them no slaves. We have come, therefore, to regard the extension of the representative principle as a necessary corollary of the growth of political liberty. Is it quite certain that this identification is destined to endure? Has representative government reached its zenith? Is the Reform Act of 1918 the last expiring effort to maintain a system hallowed in this country by long tradition—a system which has been periodically adjusted, without serious difficulty or friction, to the ever-changing conditions of modern civilization?

It will hardly be denied that, at this moment, representative democracy is on its trial. With the more obvious aspect of that probation I am not immediately concerned. When an Englishman applauds the sentiment of President Wilson that "the world must be made safe for democracy," the antithesis which he has in mind is that between representative government and military autocracy. The antithesis is a substantial one. Equally substantial, as most Englishmen would agree, is the antithesis between Parliamentary government and anarchy. But it is neither Russian anarchy nor German autocracy that inspires the reflections which, in a few concluding sentences, I desire to submit to the consideration of thoughtful men.

"How to transmit the force of individual opinion and preference into public action. This," writes a distinguished American publicist, "is the crux of popular institutions." We Englishmen have found, or believe that we have found, the solution of the crux in an extension of the principle of representative government. "The only Government which can fully satisfy all the exigencies of the Social State is one in which the whole people participate."

When J. S. Mill wrote these words, the "participation" which he had in mind was not the direct participation of an Athenian citizen or a Swiss peasant, but the representative participation of a modern Englishman. And the system of Parliamentary government, with an Executive dependent upon and responsible to Parliament, the system gradually evolved during the course of eight hundred years in England has been extensively imitated by the more progressive States of the modern world. The Reform Act of 1918 neither violates tradition nor breaks from precedent. Will it satisfy the canon laid down by Professor Hart? Will it suffice to "transmit the force of individual opinion and preference into public action"? Or is it true, as some would suggest, that representative democracy is played out; that its methods are too dilatory and too indirect; that it fails to transmit the force of individual opinion into public action with sufficient certainty and promptitude; that government and industry are alike over-centralized; that true democracy calls for the decentralization of government and the disintegration of authority, and that "direct action" must be speedily substituted for the representative principle?

No prudent man would be disposed to answer such questions with a categorical negative. Symptoms are not lacking that the disintegrating process is at work alike in the sphere of politics and of industry. The House of Commons has unquestionably suffered in estimation, and perhaps in authority, in consequence of an increasing tendency on the part of responsible Ministers to make some of their most important pronouncements to sectional bodies instead of to the elected representatives of the people in Parliament. Under the increasing pressure of modern life the tendency may be inevitable, but it affords one of many illustrations

of the decay of the representative principle. "You have taught me," said George II to the elder Pitt, "to look for the opinions of my people elsewhere than to the House of Commons." The responsible advisers of King George V seem disposed to better the instruction of one of the greatest of their predecessors.

Even more significant is the disintegrating process to be observed in the industrial sphere. A few years ago "progressive" thought appeared to be concentrating upon State Socialism as the panacea for all the ills to which the body politic is subject; land was to be nationalized, and mines and railways; all the instruments of production, distribution and exchange. How stands the matter today? The State Socialists are now, to use the current slang, "a back number." The "progressives" no longer look to the State for a solution; they no longer adhere to the tenets of representative democracy; if they be Socialists, it is to some form of "guild Socialism" that they look for salvation; if they be Syndicalists, it is in "direct action" that they put their trust. The Syndicalist perceives, in fact, what the State Socialist does not: that however much you may change the form of the Government or revolutionize the economic structure of society, the centralized State, whether individualistic or Socialistic, must exercise, in the last resort, coercion over the individual.

Syndicalism, then, is one of many straws which serve to show which way the political wind is blowing. Another may be found in the shop stewards' movement and the revolt against orthodox and centralized trade unionism. The trade union officials have to some

extent lost touch with their constituents; they are too remote from the day-to-day life of the mine or the "shop"; they tend to act as "representatives" rather than "delegates"; in a word, to be little better than Members of Parliament.

These indications, perhaps slight in themselves, have, I submit, a real bearing upon the problem of representative government. There were moments during the first week in February when the latest Reform Bill was in real jeopardy. In its final form it contains features which are heartily disliked by men of this party or of that; but by most men of good will it was generally agreed that it would have been a real disaster, if, on nearing harbor, the ship had gone on the rocks. Difficult, perhaps, dangerous, times are ahead of us. Thirty-four years have passed since the last extension of the suffrage and the last redistribution of electoral areas. It is a matter of insistent importance that the Parliament to which will be committed the task of reconstruction after the war should, as far as possible, be a Parliament "reflective and representative of the general opinion of the country." Only thus could it obtain "a moral authority" for the task to which it much needs put its hand. If the principle of "representation" can now bestow such authority, it cannot be withheld from the Parliament which will be elected under the Act of 1918. If it cannot, whence can such authority be derived? Whatever be the answer to this question, it will not, because it cannot, be denied that the Act of 1918 represents a genuine and a generous endeavor to make the new legislature truly representative of the new electorate.

The Fortnightly Review.

J. A. R. Marriott.

THE TWO PRESIDENTS: WOODROW WILSON AND RAYMOND POINCARÉ.

Not very much alike in their outward aspects—the two Presidents: “the spare gray man with the long jaw,” who plunged so courageously into New Jersey politics from Princeton University seven years ago, and who still looks so scholarly and serious in his portraits, though his laugh, they say, “hangs on a hair trigger”; and the sturdy, fresh-complexioned, bearded little lawyer from Lorraine, with the big forehead and the blue, expressive eyes. But there are many points of curious similarity, as well as some interesting points of contrast, in their characters and careers.

The Frenchman apparently was the more striking schoolboy; “a notable boy, serious, energetic, kind, speaking and writing well,” carrying off all the prizes at the Lycée of his native Bar-le-Duc, and already a personification of those solid qualities, accuracy, common sense, good judgment, general level-headedness, which were to win him later the friendly nickname of “la prudence lorraine.” The schoolboy Wilson, on the other hand, was not so obviously the father of the man who now sits in “The White House.” He was a promising boy enough as boys go. He had an open, engaging manner and was very generally liked, so say his biographers; he played baseball for his first college and would have made a “dandy player,” the captain of the team told him, if only he hadn’t been “so dam lazy”; he was a great walker, and in congenial company a great talker; but nobody foresaw in him a future President of the United States—or even a future man of note.

It was not until he went up to Princeton—the College of New Jersey, as it

was then called—in 1875, that the Woodrow Wilson whom we know began to become recognizable. The young Southerner (his Scoto-Irish father was living in Virginia when he was born) very quickly made his mark as a leader and as a Democrat. He still did not shine much in class—four years later he was to pass out as only forty-first among the forty-two “honor men”; but he had already chosen for himself the line of life which he was to follow. His “confident selection of the kinds of work to which he proposed to devote himself, and his easy indifference to all subjects not directly to his purpose,” were the characteristics which most struck his colleagues. He himself records the interesting fact that it was his chance reading of a series of articles entitled “Men and Manners in Parliament,” by “The Member for the Chiltern Hundreds” (a pseudonym then used by Sir Henry Lucy), which more than anything else moved him to turn all his energies in the one direction—that of politics. Fascinated by those vivid pictures of English parliamentary life, he took up political history in real earnest, and, as his friend Mr. W. B. Hale puts it, “the comparative merits of the British parliamentary method of government and of the private committee method of the United States became the theme round which his mind continued to revolve for many years.” In 1877 we find him starting a Liberal Debating Club at Princeton, holding forth on eighteenth and nineteenth century British statesmen from Burke to Cobden, and showing himself a very up-to-date student of economics as a disciple of Walter Bagehot. In August 1879 the *Inter-*

national Review published a striking article from his pen on "Cabinet Government in the United States"—a notable event in his career. In 1880 his health broke down and he spent most of 1881 in enforced idleness at home. Then came a year and a half of tranquil existence in Atlanta, Georgia, where as junior partner in the firm of Renick and Wilson he sought, while continuing his political studies very energetically, to earn his livelihood by the law.

M. Poincaré's progress into public life was swifter and more direct than Mr. Wilson's, though it was interrupted at the start by his "volontariat"—in the 26^{me} de ligne—at Nancy. He was a keen and efficient soldier (he ended up as Captain in the Chasseurs Alpins), and very possibly there were moments in which he indulged in day-dreams of military glory, but he was not to be easily turned aside from his pursuit of the law and politics. His twentieth year found him installed in Paris as a young "avocat" with a future, but not too much absorbed in the law to prevent him from showing his paces very effectively in the field of literature with dramatic criticisms and excellent appreciations in the *Reviews* of the books and bookmen of the moment. In 1883, in his capacity as Secretary to the *Conférence des Avocats*, he delivered his first public address—an "éloge" of Dufaure, a high-minded French Minister of the 'seventies, whose very name is now almost forgotten outside France, though young Raymond Poincaré's generous panegyric did much to revive his memory in his own country. Four years later, July 1887, the young lawyer-politician is elected *Député* for the Meuse (the three other candidates, of whom General Boulanger was one, polling only 6000 votes to his 34,796), and becomes *Chef de Cabinet* to his friend and fellow Lorrainer, M. Jules Develle, Min-

ister for Agriculture in the Cabinet of M. de Freycinet. It was very characteristic of him that he was in the *Chambre des Députés* for three years before he allowed himself to mount the tribune and make his voice heard. Not until 1891 did he make a set speech. The time was that of the "Affaire Wilson" and of "Boulangisme," and the reconstitution of the national finances on a sound basis was the most urgent problem of the day. M. Develle had counseled his protégé to specialize in "difficult questions." This was a question difficult enough, and young Poincaré had applied himself to it with the utmost diligence. He had become a real expert in finance, and in 1891 he was entrusted with what has always been regarded in the French Chamber as a duty of prime importance, that of making the "report" on the Budget. His speech was an immense success, and in 1893 he was appointed "Rapporteur Général." His public career dates from this point. During the subsequent twenty years we find him in turn Minister of Public Instruction, Minister of Finance, President of the Chamber, Senator, Minister of Justice, Prime Minister, and, finally, in January 1913, President of the Republic.

Mr. Wilson's road to the Chief Magistracy of the United States was strikingly different, but, like M. Poincaré, he was qualifying himself all the time for that high office by the nature of his work and his experiences, and, as with M. Poincaré, the three subjects to which he was giving most attention were education, law, and finance. The partnership of Renick and Wilson at Atlanta was short-lived, and in the autumn of 1883 Mr. Wilson entered on a two years' post-graduate course at Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore. From 1885—the year of his marriage—to 1890 he lectured on History and Political Economy at that university, as well as at another in

Connecticut and a well-known college for women at Bryn Mawr near Philadelphia. In 1890 he was offered the Chair of Jurisprudence and Politics at Princeton, which he held until 1902, when he was made President of that famous institution. In November 1910, after an election which was to constitute an epoch-making event in American history, he was installed as Governor of New Jersey. In March 1913 he became President of the United States.

It is a pleasant exercise for the imagination to try to picture that Woodrow Wilson of the 'nineties, who was slowly but surely to transform Princeton from a luxurious dwelling-place for wealthy young sybarites—"the most charming country club in America"—into one of the most advanced, efficient, and democratic universities in the world. To visualize him at all we must remember—what his intimate friends seem to have no chance of forgetting—that this very serious-minded man, this resolute reformer and stern idealist, is and always has been very human and good-humored—that he has always been what Dr. Johnson called "a clubbable man." Even now he has a schoolboyish habit of keeping his hands in his trousers pockets while discussing affairs of State, and in private life his most salient characteristic is said to be his love of fun. Then, as now, he neither smoked nor drank, but if you have wit and geniality and high spirits and good manners and good health and good looks you can be very popular with your fellowmen, even when they are in their teens, or only just out of them, and you are a Spartan of middle-age. We may be sure that, for all his strenuousness and his high ideals, Mr. Wilson was a favorite with those young Princeton plutocrats, and that he transformed many of them into true democrats and unselfish citizens. One

feels that his fine qualities must have been infectious. Here is a sympathetic picture of him from the pen of a friend:

Beyond and above all other convictions that ripened during those twelve years in the enlivening companionship of students, in the joyful exercise before them of his gift of speech, and in the lonely stillness of a heart that pondered the history of human institutions and the laws of progress, there grew up in Woodrow Wilson a fervent devotion to *democracy*. You cannot understand the man from this time forth, you cannot follow the battle of the next few years through the intricate alleys through which it raged, unless you are conscious that you are always beholding a scene in which the central figure is that of a prophet inspired by a passionate sense of the majesty of the law of social justice; a warrior burning with abhorrence of secret things that divide and isolate, hot with hatred of the artificial distinction, the unearned privilege, the unequal opportunity; a Knight animated by a loving tenderness for the man at the bottom—a tenderness not sentimental but born in reason.

One feels that the friend does not exaggerate—that this is a true portrait.

If he was to shape Princeton according to his own notions, his work was cut out for him! From the first his aim, as he put it humorously himself, was to make the graduates henceforth "as unlike their fathers as possible," but it was not until he became President of the University that he could initiate what seemed to him the really essential reforms in its administration. The first was the holding of an examination which students must pass or else go. The next was to recast entirely the academic curriculum, not sweeping away the classics or doing anything else sensational, but introducing a basis of general education con-

taining "all the elements of modern knowledge" (to use Mr. Wilson's own words) and calculated to "fit a man to serve his country better."

Then came the institution of what he called the preceptorial system—small groups of students being associated with a tutor or professor, with whom they were to live in constant intercourse instead of merely listening to formal lectures for a few hours every week. The greatest change of all, however, was in the gradual democratizing of the spirit of the place—in making "a gentleman chum with a mucker" as a proud young gentleman put it at an early stage in the transformation. The story of Mr. Wilson's efforts in this direction, their gradual triumph in the face of violent opposition, and their partial failure eventually through the untimely munificence of a dead millionaire, are full of interest and even excitement, but considerations of space forbid the telling of it here. Suffice it to note that, a sum of three million dollars having been bequeathed in 1910 by an old alumnus of Princeton for the purpose of a Graduate College to be constituted upon the aristocratic and plutocratic lines which for the last eight years had been in process of alteration, Mr. Wilson and the trustees of the University came to loggerheads, and in September of that year, after careful reflection during a three months' holiday, he resigned the Presidency. Meanwhile, by great good fortune, a splendid alternative had become available for him. On September 15, 1910, he was nominated by the Democratic State Convention as candidate for the Governorship of New Jersey. On November 8 he was elected.

Never was there a more incongruous association than that of the ex-President of Princeton and his political "backers." The whole course of the election was a delightful comedy in

three Acts; Mr. Bernard Shaw could not have bettered it. The Democratic party in the State had been out of power for fourteen years, and its "boss," ex-Senator James Smith, knew that its only chance of defeating the Republicans lay in the discovery of a suitable Democratic candidate for the Governorship—a candidate of good repute (of which the party itself was bankrupt) and of impressive personality; Woodrow Wilson was the very man. His high-sounding principles, backed by his distinguished personal record, would surely win the day. What mattered it if they had to humor him by verbally agreeing to all his absurd conditions? Once they had got him "in," they would know how to deal with him. The curtain of Act I falls upon ex-Senator James Smith chuckling. In the course of Act II he chuckles less. This Woodrow Wilson is a bit of a surprise. Apparently he is not just a schoolmaster with ideals and the faculty of fluent speech—he is a singularly shrewd and resourceful and energetic man of the world. It still seems incredible and ridiculous, but what if he were really to succeed in carrying his scheme of reform into effect—reorganization and economy in administration; the equalization of taxation; the control of corporations; employers' liability; the preventing of corrupt practices at elections; and (worst of all) conservation of natural resources for the good of the commonwealth? End of Act II, ex-Senator James Smith looking very serious. Act III shows us Mr. Wilson triumphantly elected, and, to the consternation of Mr. James Smith, already beginning to realize his aims with the most astonishing persistence and success. The Democrats have got their candidate in and he himself, James Smith, the Democrat "boss," is evidently going to get nothing out of it! In fact, he is being shamelessly held to his own plighted

word—to that promise not to seek reelection as United States Senator, which Woodrow Wilson had extracted from him before consenting to be Democratic candidate for the Governorship! Ex-Senator James Smith, Democratic "boss" of the State of New Jersey, appeals in his agony to the biggest "boss" of all, the hero of Tammany, Mr. Croker, already long retired from American politics, but still a keenly interested observer. Mr. Croker listens sympathetically and is thoroughly disgusted with what he learns of Woodrow Wilson's behavior. "An ingrate," he declares with scorn, "is no good in politics." End of Act III.

The quite impenitent "ingrate" persisted unblushingly in carrying out his programs of reform and, as an American writer expresses it, in proving himself "an idealist who can down the politicians and get results." The number and magnitude of the useful measures introduced within the first five months of his Governorship were so remarkable that politicians soon recognized in him an inevitable candidate for the Presidency of the United States. In March, 1911, Colonel George Harvey, editor of the *North American Review*, speaking to a Southern audience, heralded him as the ideal candidate of the Democratic party, summing him up as follows: "Woodrow Wilson, the highly Americanized Scotch-Irishman, descended from Ohio, born in Virginia, developed in Maryland, married in Georgia, and now delivering from bondage that faithful old Democratic Commonwealth, the State of New Jersey." Already it looked as though Mr. Bryan, the Democratic hero of previous elections, had no chance of being again the nominee of the party, though he still had a large following. When at the Party Convention of 1911 Mr. Bryan threw in his support on Mr. Wilson's side, as

against Mr. Champ Clark of Missouri, Speaker of the House of Representatives, who was the only other serious candidate, the outcome of the voting was a foregone conclusion. The Republican nominee was the retiring President, Mr. Taft, while Mr. Roosevelt, a Republican also, ran as a Progressive. The Republican vote was split and Mr. Wilson was elected.

In considering the personalities and achievements of Mr. Wilson and M. Poincaré, it is very interesting to re-read the chapters in which Lord Bryce in "The American Commonwealth," and Mr. Bodley in his admirable book on France, set forth and reflect upon the duties and privileges of the Presidents of the two Republics. Both writers make one feel that, except in extraordinary circumstances, "golden mediocrity" is the attribute most desired—if not actually most desirable—in the holders of either post. The Presidency of the Republic, according to Mr. Bodley, is apt to be regarded in France as "a vain office"—best filled by a citizen "of unemphatic character and unsensitive temperament." It was thought to be well enough filled by M. Félix Faure, a type of the successful and intelligent man of business who takes an active part in politics; it was filled almost ideally by M. Carnot, "industrious, cultivated, scrupulous, unobtrusive." A President's functions in France are so rigidly circumscribed that they offer no scope to a powerful personality. Political genius in a French President is reckoned out of place—if combined with military genius it would be viewed with apprehension and alarm. Integrity, dignity, common sense, *savoir-faire*—these are almost the only qualities really essential. If, in addition, he can make an eloquent speech and win the esteem of other nations by his tact and address, *tant mieux!*

In normal times the qualifications

which fit a man for the Presidency of the United States, despite its wider scope and bigger possibilities, are very similar. It is so much an accepted thing that America's "First Citizen" is seldom first by reason of outstanding virtues or attainments that Lord Bryce devotes a separate chapter to the question, "Why Great Men Are Not Chosen Presidents." His answer in brief is, first, that great men are rare in American politics. American politics are less interesting to a man of wide outlook and lofty intellect than European politics, being subject to a variety of limitations; no foreign politics, for instance, are within the scope of the State Legislature; while social reforms and philanthropic projects are largely excluded from the survey of Congress; and both State and Federal politics are concerned for the most with commerce, industrial enterprise and finance. Secondly, when such men are anxious to serve their country the method of choice does not bring them to the front; for instance, a Member of Congress can represent only his own district and should he make enemies locally—and a great statesman must be prepared to make enemies—his chances for the rest of his life are as good as gone. Thirdly, in quiet times, it is found in practice that great men are not absolutely necessary.

"Thus it comes," says Lord Bryce, writing in 1888, that "since the heroes of the Revolution died out with Jefferson and Adams and Madison some sixty years ago, no person except General Grant has reached the chair whose name would have been remembered had he not been President, and no President except Abraham Lincoln has displayed rare or striking qualities in the chair. Who knows or cares to know anything about the personality of James K. Polk or Franklin Pierce? The only thing remarkable about them is that being so commonplace they should have climbed so high."

Among the most valuable studies of the United States Constitution which Lord Bryce had for reference in 1888 was a small volume entitled "Congressional Government" by one Woodrow Wilson, published four years previously. Reading it now and remembering what a forceful personality was recognizable in its author even in those early 'eighties, one feels that somebody ought to have been able to "spot a winner" in this very trenchant and thorough-going critic of what he calls "Government by Committee" as distinguished from Government by a responsible Cabinet Ministry. He sees endless disadvantages and many dangers in the "separation of the right to plan from the duty to execute"—to his mind the cardinal flaw in the Congressional system and one on which he enlarges in page after page of strenuous argument. "Strict accountability"—evidently a favorite phrase of his already then—is his remedy for the disease. "*Power and strict accountability for its use* are the essential constituents," he says, "of good government." In the Congressional system he finds power arbitrarily and methodically divided between Congress with its Committees and the President with his Cabinet; while "accountability" can be brought home to none of them. "Accountability" may be said, however, to be only the first plank in his platform: the second is increased power for the President. He contends throughout that Congress has come to trespass unduly upon the President's province. All that he has to say on this subject derives, of course, a greatly enhanced interest in the sight of recent developments.

M. Poincaré, also, has expounded in an authoritative book the principles of government that exist in the State of which he has become President, but his volume ("*How France Is Governed*," English edition, 1913) is purely

expository and contains little in the way of criticism. The fact, however, that both Presidents have thus set forth in writing the constitutions of the great Republics which they have been called upon to rule emphasizes the one outstanding resemblance between them, namely the thoroughness with which they both trained themselves for their task. So many men seem to have reached the President's chair almost by chance! Here are two men who might almost have said to themselves forty years ago: "I am destined to the Presidency—I must equip myself for the post."

Many of M. Poincaré's admirers, indeed, would say that he had equipped himself even better for the rôle of French Prime Minister than for that of French President, if only one could imagine a Ministry in France remaining long enough in power to enable its head to achieve something really noteworthy in the way of reforms. In his quiet, cautious, level-headed way he is a born reformer, and, in this field, as President, he has little scope. His mastery of finance must have been of invaluable assistance to the successive War Ministries, but whether in war or peace a French President cannot well do much towards initiating new laws affecting methods of education or the administration of justice or the conditions of labor or indeed any of the great problems that inevitably exercise the mind of a constructive statesman. Apart from his active share in foreign policy and his control of the naval and military forces of the State, the French President presides but does not govern. With the stately Palais de l'Elysée to live in and the pleasant Château de Rambouillet in which to enjoy change and rest, with a salary of £24,000 a year and a similar amount for ceremonial expenses, his rôle is very like that of a Constitutional Monarch. As long as he is con-

tent to be "King Log" he may expect to complete his seven years' tenure of office without mishap, and the type of man likely to wish to be "King Stork" is not likely to be elected President. Mr. Laurence Jerrold, in his very sympathetic study of "France Today," declares that so experienced and alert a politician as M. Clemenceau cherished some fears as to whether M. Raymond Poincaré might not have ambitions in this direction, but one feels that in this case M. Clemenceau strangely underestimated "la prudence lorraine."

As Prime Minister, with efficient colleagues and an adequate lease of power, M. Poincaré would inevitably proceed further in the various directions in which he started out very successfully during his too brief periods of office as Minister, more especially as Minister of Finance. Finance is his *forte*, and what he calls "la sincérité budgétaire" is to his mind the most urgent necessity in French politics. In the field of education also there are many ideas and schemes which as Prime Minister he might carry into effect, but with which as President he cannot hope to make progress—ideas and schemes hinted at or sketched out in some of the admirable addresses he delivered in different parts of France as Minister of Public Instruction. On the other hand, it was probably in this rôle that his qualifications for the Presidency became most manifest, for a French Minister of Public Instruction is apt to be continually "en évidence" and becomes known to every section of the community, especially if, like M. Poincaré, he be endowed with the faculty of stimulating and inspiring speech. The list of M. Poincaré's public utterances in this capacity is remarkable for their number and variety. We find him discoursing, now on Renan to delegates of the learned societies at the Sorbonne, now at the

Conservatoire to a theatrical audience on Alexandre Dumas *fils*, Saint-Saëns and Massenet. Now he is analyzing the life work of some famous politician, now reviving memories of the great past of the Institut de France, now finding new and moving thoughts to express to his young compatriots on the illustrious example of Joan of Arc. These speeches, or most of them, have been reprinted, and are well worth reading. They are not, and do not aim at being, masterpieces of oratory, but they are all the products of a man of fine brain and warm heart who has been at the trouble of deliberately acquiring the faculty of expression. They are carefully conceived, deftly executed essays, with a beginning and an end to them, and never a careless sentence. Lucidity, succinctness, finish—these have always been the characteristic features of M. Poincaré's speeches, whether on public platforms, in Parliament or at the Bar. At the Paris Bar, it may be recalled, M. Poincaré, during those years when affairs of State have not claimed all his energies, met with uniform success and became a universal favorite. One of the finest tributes ever paid to him is contained in the speech in which M. Labori, the famous champion of Captain Dreyfus, conveyed to him on his accession to the Presidency of the Republic the congratulations and good wishes of his fellow advocates.

Mr. Wilson applied himself not less industriously in his younger days to the mastery of the orator's art and not without success, but it was evidently not in him to attain to that purity of style, that perfection of utterance, which we find both in the writings and in the speeches of M. Poincaré. We can all remember the half a dozen or so rather unfortunate phrases which stood out with such disconcerting, and apparently quite unintended, prominence in his war addresses and mani-

festos. It is not easy to explain how he comes to be guilty of such lapses. Certainly it is not from poverty of vocabulary or from carelessness in composition. In other respects there seems really little to choose between the Frenchman and the American. Mr. Wilson has had the bigger field for his activities and an infinitely greater number of problems with which to grapple, but one feels that he has brought to bear upon them the same qualities of energy and thoroughness and prudent determination that have marked M. Poincaré's career as a statesman. The remark of Alexandre Dumas *fils*, when young Raymond Poincaré was first pointed out to him at a café in Paris, might have been made with almost equal truth of Woodrow Wilson: "Sacrebleu, quand celui-là tiendra un os il ne lâchera pas!" The long jaw of the American has as good a grip as the square jaw of the Frenchman.

What will they look like to Posterity—our two Presidents? What will be said of them in the histories and biographical dictionaries of a century hence? Will Woodrow Wilson rank, as his admirers predict boldly, with Washington and Lincoln? Will Raymond Poincaré be regarded as the first really adequate President of the French Republic? Such speculations are fascinating but idle. We can feel sure only that both men will stand out conspicuously, and that the world will still be interested in their personal idiosyncrasies. President Wilson's many-sidedness will be remembered—his wide range of sympathies and enthusiasms and accomplishments, his sense of fun, his love of music, his familiarity "with Kipling's latest poem and Chesterton's latest paradox," the remarkable blend in him of the scholar and the practical man. "An idealist but not a visionary," "The President who reads Greek and writes—shorthand":

those neat characterizations of him will not be forgotten. M. Poincaré, doubtless, will continue to be thought of as "la prudence lorraine," and that wise phrase of his will continue to be quoted: "avant de reviser la constitution on pourrait peut-être essayer de l'appliquer." Contrasts will inevitably be drawn between his forceful personality and brilliant attainments and the drab mediocrity of his immediate predecessors in the Presidency. Recalling his term of office, no future President will have the face to complain, as did Casimir-Périer when he resigned, of being "nothing but a Mas-

The Cornhill Magazine.

ter of Ceremonies," nor will it be possible for anyone to regard the post, as M. Grévy is said to have described it, as merely "an honorable retreat for an old servant of the country." It must always be accounted a splendid thing for the French that in this hour of danger they should have been able to attain to the democratic ideal—"le Pouvoir au Meilleur." As his old friend and ministerial colleague, M. Hanotaux, has well expressed it, Raymond Poincaré has risen to the highest position in France because among the Frenchmen of his generation he is really the best.

Frederic Whyte.

THE SPY IN BLACK.

By J. STORER CLOUSTON.

PART V.

A FEW CONCLUDING CHAPTERS BY THE EDITOR.

I. TIEL'S JOURNEY.

For the moment the fortitude of the hapless young lieutenant completely broke down when he heard these tidings. It took him a minute to control his voice, and then he said—

"Please give me back my revolver. I give you my word of honor not to use it on any of you three."

Commander Blacklock shook his head.

"I am sorry we can't oblige you," said he.

"Poor old chap," said Phipps with genial sympathy; "it's rotten bad luck on you, I must admit."

These well-meant words seemed only to incense the captive.

"I do not wish your damned sympathy!" he cried.

"Hush, hush! Ladies present," said Phipps soothingly.

Von Belke turned a lowering eye on

Miss Holland. She had said not a word, and scarcely moved since he came into the room, but her breathing was a little quicker than usual, and her gaze had followed intently each speaker in turn.

"Ach so!" he said; "the decoy is still present. I had forgot."

Blacklock's eye blazed dangerously.

"Mr. Belke," he said, "Captain Phipps and I have pleaded very strongly that, in spite of your exceedingly ambiguous position, and the fact that you have not always been wearing uniform, you should not suffer the fate of a spy. But if you make any more remarks like your last, I warn you we shall withdraw this plea."

For the first time Eileen spoke.

"Please do not think it matters to me, Captain Blacklock——" she began.

In a whisper Phipps interrupted her.

"Eye-wash!" he said. "It's the only

way to treat a Hun—show him the stick!”

The hint had certainly produced its effect. Von Belke shrugged his shoulders, and merely remarked—

“I am your prisoner. I say nothing more.”

“That’s distinctly wiser,” said Captain Phipps with a formidable scowl at the captive and a wink at Miss Holland.

For a few moments von Belke kept his word, and sat doggedly silent. Then suddenly he exclaimed—

“But I do not understand all this! How should a German agent be a British officer? My Government knew all about Tiel—I was told to be under his orders,—it is impossible you can be he!”

Blacklock turned to the other two.

“I almost think I owe Mr. Belke an explanation,” he said with a smile.

“Yes,” cried Eileen eagerly, “do tell him, and then—then he will understand a little better.”

Blacklock filled a pipe and leaned his back against the fireplace, a curious mixture of clergyman in his attire and keen professional sailor in his voice and bearing, now that all need for pretense was gone.

“The story I told you of the impersonation and attempted murder of Mr. Alexander Burnett,” he began, “was simply a repetition of the tale told me by Adolph Tiel at Inverness—where, by the way, he was arrested.”

Von Belke started violently.

“So!” he cried. “Then—then you never were Tiel?”

“I am thankful to say I never was, for a more complete scoundrel never existed. He and his friend Schumann actually did knock Mr. Burnett on the head, tie a stone to his feet, and pitch him over the cliff. Unfortunately for them they made a bad job of the knot, and the stone came loose. In consequence, Mr. Burnett floated long

enough to be picked up by a patrol boat, which had seen the whole performance outlined against the sky at the top of the cliff above her. By the time they had brought him back to a certain base, Mr. Burnett had revived and was able to tell of his adventure. The affair, being in my line, was put into my hands, and it didn’t take long to see what the rascals’ game was.”

“No,” commented Phipps; “I suppose you spotted that pretty quick.”

“Practically at once. A clergyman on his way here—clothes and passport stolen—left for murdered—chauffeur so like him that the minister noticed the resemblance himself in the instant the man was knocking him down,—what was the inference? Pretty obvious, you’ll agree. Well, the first step was simple. The pair had separated; but we got Tiel at Inverness on his way North, and Schumann within twenty-four hours afterwards at Liverpool.”

“Good business!” said Phipps. “I hadn’t heard about Schumann before.”

“Well,” continued Blacklock, “I interviewed Mr. Tiel, and I found I’d struck just about the worst thing in the way of rascals it has ever been my luck to run up against. He began to bargain at once. If his life was spared he would give me certain very valuable information.”

“Mein Gott!” cried Belke. “Did a German actually say that?”

“Tiel belongs to no country,” said Blacklock. “He is a cosmopolitan adventurer without patriotism or morals. I told him his skin would be safe if his information really proved valuable; and when I heard his story, I may say that he did save his skin. He gave the whole show away, down to the passwords that were to pass between you when you met.”

He suddenly turned to Phipps and smiled.

"It's curious how the idea came to me. I've done a good bit of secret service work myself, and felt in such a funk sometimes that I've realized the temptation to give the show away if I were nailed. Well, as I looked at Tiel, I said to myself, 'There, but for the grace of God, stands Robin Blacklock!' And then suddenly it flashed into my mind that we were really not at all unlike one another—same height, and tin-opener nose, and a few streaks of *anno domini* in our hair, and so on."

"I know, old thing," said his friend, "it's the wife-poisoning type. You see 'em by the dozen in the Chamber of Horrors."

Their Teutonic captive seemed to wax a little impatient.

"What happened then?" he demanded.

"What happened was that I decided to continue Mr. Tiel's journey for him. The arrest and so on had lost a day, but I knew that the night of your arrival was left open, and I had to risk it. That splash of salt water on your motor-bike, and your resource in dodging pursuit, just saved the situation, and we arrived at the house on the same night."

"So that was why you were late!" exclaimed von Belke. "Fool that I was not to have questioned and suspected!"

"It might have been rather a nasty bunker," admitted Blacklock, "but luckily I got you to lose your temper with me when I reached that delicate part of my story, and you forgot to ask me."

"You always were a tactful fellow, Robin," murmured Phipps.

"Of course," resumed Blacklock, "I was in touch with certain people who advised me what scheme to recommend. My only suggestion was that the officer sent to advise us professionally should be one whose appearance might lead those who did not know him to suspect him capable of treason-

able inclinations. My old friend, Captain Phipps——"

"Robin!" roared his old friend, "I read your bloomin' message. You asked for the best-looking officer on the staff, and the one with the nicest manners. Get on with your story!"

These interludes seemed to perplex their captive considerably.

"You got a pretended traitor? I see," he said gravely.

"Exactly. I tried you first with Ashington of the *Haileybury*—whom I slandered grossly by the way. If you had happened to know him by sight I should have passed on to another captain, till I got one you didn't know. Well, I needn't recall what happened at our council of war, but now we come to rather a——" he hesitated and glanced for an instant at Miss Holland. "Well, rather a delicate point in the story. I think it's only fair to those concerned to tell you pretty fully what happened. I believe I am right in thinking that they would like me to do so."

Again he glanced at the girl, and this time she gave a little assenting nod.

"That night, after you left us, Mr. Belke, Captain Phipps and I had a long discussion over a very knotty point. How were we to get you back again here after you had delivered your message to your submarine?"

"I do not see exactly why you wished me to return?" said von Belke.

"There were at least three vital reasons. In the first place, some one you spoke to might have known too much about Tiel and have spotted the fraud. Then again, some one might easily have known the real Captain Ashington, and it would be a little difficult to describe Captain Phipps in such a way as to confound him with anyone else. Finally, we wished to extract a little more information from you."

Von Belke leaped from his seat with an exclamation.

"What have I not told you!" he cried hoarsely. "Mein Gott, I had forgotten that! Give me that pistol! Come, give it to me! Why keep me alive?"

"I suppose because it is an English custom," replied Commander Blacklock quietly. "Also, you will be exceedingly glad some day to find yourself still alive. Please sit down and listen. I am anxious to explain this point fully, for a very good reason."

With a groan their captive sat down but with his head held now between his hands and his eyes cast upon the floor.

"We agreed that at all costs this must be managed, and so I tried my hand at exercising my authority over you. I saw that was going to be no good and gave it up at once for fear you'd smell a rat. And then I thought of Miss Holland."

Von Belke looked up suddenly.

"Ah!" he cried, "so that is why this lady appeared—this lady I may not call a decoy!"

"That is why," said Blacklock.

II. THE LADY.

Lieutenant von Belke looked for a moment at the lady who had enslaved him, but for some reason he averted his gaze rather quickly. Then with an elaborate affectation of sarcastic politeness which served but ill to conceal the pain at his heart and the shock to his pride, he inquired—

"May I be permitted to ask what agency supplies ladies so accomplished at a notice so brief?"

"Providence," said Blacklock promptly and simply. "Miss Holland had never undertaken any such work before, and her name is on the books of no bureau."

"I believe you entirely," said von Belke ironically. "You taught her her trade then, I presume?"

"I did."

The German stared at him.

"Is there really any need to deceive me further?" he inquired.

"I am telling you the simple truth," said Blacklock unruffled. "I had the great good fortune to make Miss Holland's acquaintance on the mail-boat crossing to these islands. She was going to visit Mr. Craigie—that intellectual gentleman you met yesterday—under the precise circumstances he described. I noticed Miss Holland the moment she came aboard the boat." He paused for a moment, and then turned to Eileen with a smile. "I have a confession to make to you, Miss Holland, which I may as well get off my chest now. My mind, naturally enough perhaps, was rather running on spies, and when I discovered that you were traveling with a suitcase of German manufacture I had a few minutes' grave suspicion. I now apologize."

Eileen laughed.

"Only a few minutes!" she exclaimed. "It seems to me I got off very easily!"

"That was why I was somewhat persistent in my conversation," he continued, still smiling a little, "but it quickly served the purpose of satisfying me absolutely that my guns were on the wrong target. And so I promptly relieved you of my conversation."

He turned again to von Belke.

"Then, Mr. Belke, a very curious thing happened, which one of us may perhaps be pardoned for thinking diabolical and the other providential. Miss Holland happened to have met the real Mr. Burnett and bowled me out. And then I had another lucky inspiration. If Miss Holland will pardon me for saying so in her presence, I had already been struck with the fact that she was a young lady of very exceptional looks and brains and character—and moreover she knew Germany and she knew German. It occurred to me that in dealing with a young and probably not unimpression-

able man such an ally might conceivably come in useful."

"Robin," interrupted his old friend, with his rich laugh, "you are the coldest-blooded brute I ever met!"

"To plot against a man like that!" agreed von Belke with bitter emphasis.

"Oh, I wasn't thinking of you," said Captain Phipps, with a gallant glance at the lady. "However, on you go with your yarn."

"Well, I decided on the spot to take Miss Holland into my confidence—and I should like to say that confidence was never better justified. She seemed inclined to do what she could for her country." Commander Blacklock paused for an instant, and added apologetically, "I am putting it very mildly and very badly, but you know what I mean. She was in fact ready to do anything I asked her on receipt of a summons from me. I had thought of her even when talking to Captain Phipps, but I felt a little reluctant to involve her in the business—with all it entailed, unless no other course remained open. And no other course was open. And so I first telegraphed to her and then went over and fetched her. That was how she came to play the part she did, entirely at my request and instigation."

"You—you then told her to—to make me admire her?" asked von Belke in an unsteady voice.

"Frankly I did. Of course it was not for me to teach a lady how to be attractive, but I may say that we rehearsed several of the scenes very carefully indeed. I mean in connection with such matters as the things you should say to Commander Wiedermann and so on. Miss Holland placed herself under my orders, and I simply told her what to say. She was in no sense to blame."

"Blame!" cried Captain Phipps. "She deserves all the decorations going!"

"I was trying to look at it from Mr. Belke's point of view," said Blacklock, "as I think Miss Holland probably desires."

She gave him a quick, grateful look, and he continued—

"It was I who suggested that she should appear critical of me and endeavor, as it were, to divide our household into two camps, so that you should feel you were acting against me when you were actually doing what I wished. I tell you this frankly, so that you may see who was responsible for the deceit that we were forced to practice."

"Forced!" cried the young lieutenant bitterly. "Who forced you to use a woman? Could you not have deceived me alone?"

"No," said Blacklock candidly, "I couldn't, or I should not have sent for Miss Holland. It was an extremely difficult problem to get you to risk your life, and stand out against your commanding officer's wishes and your own inclinations and your apparent duty, and come back to this house after the whole plan was arranged and every argument seemed to be in favor of your going aboard your boat again. Nobody but a man under the influence of a woman would have taken such a course. Those were the facts I had to face, and—well, the thing came off, thanks entirely to Miss Holland. I have apologized to her twenty times already for making such a use of her, and I apologize again."

Suddenly the young German broke out—

"Ah! But were there not consolations?"

"What do you mean?"

"You and Miss Holland living by yourselves in this house—is it that you need apologize for?"

"Miss Holland never spent a single night under this roof," said Blacklock quietly.

"Not—not a night," stammered von Belke. "Then where—?"

"She stayed at a house in the neighborhood."

The lieutenant seemed incapable of comment, and Captain Phipps observed genially—

"There seem to have been some rum goings-on behind your back, Mr. Belke!"

Von Belke seemed to be realizing this fact himself, and resenting it.

"You seem to have amused yourself very much by deceiving me," he remarked.

"I assure you I did nothing for fun," said Blacklock gravely, yet with a twinkle in his eye. "It was all in the way of business."

"The story that you preached, for instance!"

"Would you have felt quite happy if I had told you I had omitted to do the one thing I had professed to come here for?"

Von Belke gave a little sound that might have meant anything. Then he exclaimed—

"But your servant who was not supposed to know anything—that was to annoy me, I suppose!"

"To isolate you. I didn't want you to speak to a soul but me."

The captive sat silent for a moment, and then said—

"You had the house watched by the police—I see that now."

"A compliment to you, Mr. Belke," smiled the Commander; and then he added, "you gave me one or two anxious moments, I may tell you. Your demand for mufti necessitated a very hurried interview with the commander of a destroyer, and old Craigie's visit very nearly upset the apple-cart. I had to tell him pretty nearly the whole truth when I got him outside. But those incidents came after the chief crisis was over. The nearest squeak was when I thought you were safely

engaged with Miss Holland, and a certain officer was calling on me who was *not* Captain Phipps. In fact, he was an even more exalted person. Miss Holland saved the situation by crying out that you were coming, or I'm afraid that would have been the end of the submarine attack."

"So?" said the young German slowly and with a very wry face, and then he turned to Eileen. "Then, Miss Holland, every time you did me the honor to appear kind and visit me—you were carrying out one of this gentleman's plans? And every word you spoke was said to entangle me in your net, or to keep me quiet while something was being done behind my back? I hope that some day you may enjoy the recollection as much as I am enjoying it now!"

"Mr. Belke," she cried, "I am very deeply sorry for treating even an enemy as I treated you!"

She spoke so sincerely and with so much emotion that even Captain Phipps assumed a certain solemn expression, which was traditionally never seen on his face except when the Chaplain was actually officiating, and jumping up she came a step towards the prisoner. There she stood, a graceful and beautiful figure, her eyes glowing with fervor.

"All I can say for myself, and all I can ask you to think of when your recollections of me pain you, is only this—if you had a sister, would you have had her hesitate to do one single thing I did in order to defeat her country's enemies?"

Von Belke looked at her for a moment with frowning brow and folded arms. Then all he said was—

"Germany's cause is sacred!"

Her eyes opened very wide.

"Then what is right for Germany is wrong for her enemies?"

"Naturally. How can Germany both be right—as she is, and yet be wrong?"

"I—I don't think you quite understand what I mean," she said with a puzzled look.

"Germany never will," said Blacklock quietly. "That is why we are at war."

A tramp of footsteps sounded on the gravel outside, and Captain Phipps sprang up.

"Your guard has come for you, Mr. Belke," he said. "I'm sorry to interrupt this conversation, but I'm afraid you must be moving."

III. THE EMPTY ENVELOPE.

Commander Blacklock closed the front door.

"Chilly night," he observed.

"It is rather," said Eileen.

The wind droned through a distant keyhole mournfully and continuously. That melancholy piping sound never rose and never fell; monotonous and unvarying, it piped on and on. Otherwise the house had that peculiar feeling of quiet which houses have when stirring events are over and people have departed.

The two remaining inhabitants re-entered the parlor, glanced at one another with a half smile, and then seemed simultaneously to find a little difficulty in knowing what to do next.

"Well," said Blacklock, "our business seems over."

He felt he had spoken a little more abruptly than he intended, and would have liked to repeat his observation in a more genial tone.

"Yes," said she, almost as casually, "there is nothing more to be done to-night, I suppose."

"I shall have to write up my report of our friend Mr. Belke's life and last words," said he, with a half laugh.

"And I have got to get over to Mrs. Brown's," she replied, "and so I had better go at once."

"Oh, there's no such desperate hurry," he said hastily; "I haven't

much to write up tonight. We must have some supper first."

"Yes," she agreed, "I suppose we shall begin to feel hungry soon if we don't. I'll see about it. What would you like?"

"The cold ham and a couple of boiled eggs will suit me."

She agreed again.

"That won't take long, and then you can begin your report."

Again he protested hastily.

"Oh, but there's no hurry about that, I assure you. I only wanted to save trouble."

While she was away he stood before the fire, gazing absently into space and scarcely moving a muscle. The ham and boiled eggs appeared, and a little more animation became apparent, but it was not a lively feast. She talked for a little in an ordinary cheerful way, just as though there was no very special subject for conversation, but he seemed too absent-minded and silent to respond even to these overtures except with a brief smile and a briefer word. They had both been quite silent for about five minutes, when he suddenly said, in a constrained manner, but with quite a different intonation—

"Well, I am afraid our ways part now. What are you going to do next?"

"I've been wondering," she said; "and I think if Mrs. Craigie still wants me I ought to go back to her."

"Back to the Craigies!" he exclaimed. "And become—er—a governess again?"

"It will be rather dull at first," she laughed; "but one can't have such adventures as this every day, and I really have treated the Craigies rather badly. You see, you told Mr. Craigie the truth about my desertion of them, and they may forgive me. If they do, and if they still need me, I feel I simply must offer my services."

"It's very good of you."

She laughed again.

"It is at least as much for my own interest as Mrs. Craigie's. I have nowhere else to go to and nothing else to do."

"I wish I could offer you another job like this," said he.

A sparkle leaped into her eyes.

"If you ever do see any chance of making any sort of use of me—I mean of letting me be useful—you will be sure to let me know, won't you?"

"Rather! But honestly, I'm not likely to have such a bit of luck as this again."

"What will you be doing?"

"Whatever I'm told to do; the sort of thing I was on before—odd jobs of the 'hush' type. But I wish I could think of you doing something more—well, more worthy of your gifts."

"One must take one's luck as it comes," she said, with an outward air of philosophy, whatever her heart whispered.

"Exactly," he agreed, with emphasis. "Still——"

He broke off and pulled a pipe out of his pocket.

"I'll leave you to smoke," she said, "and say goodnight now."

"One moment!" said he, jumping up; "there's something I feel I must say. I've been rather contrite about it. I'm afraid I haven't quite played cricket so far as you are concerned."

She looked at him quickly.

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"It's about Belke. I'm afraid Phipps was quite right in saying I'm rather cold-blooded when I am keen over a job. Perhaps it becomes a little too much of a mere problem. Getting you to treat Belke as you did, for instance. You were very nice to him tonight—though he was too German to understand how you felt—and it struck me that very possibly you had been seeing a great deal of him, and he's a nice-looking fellow, with a lot of good stuff in him, a brave man, no doubt about it,

and—well, perhaps you liked him enough to make you wish I hadn't let you in for such a job. I just wondered."

She looked at him for an instant with an expression he did not quite understand; then she looked away and seemed for a moment a little embarrassed, and then she looked at him again, and he thought he had never seen franker eyes.

"You're as kind and considerate as—as, well, as you're clever!" she said, with a half laugh. "But, if you only knew, if you only even had the least guess how I've longed to do something for my country—something really useful, I mean; how unutterably wretched I felt when the trifling work I was doing was stopped by a miserable neglected cold and I had to have a change, and as I'd no money I had to take this stupid job of teaching; and how I envied the women who were more fortunate and really *were* doing useful things; oh, then you'd know how grateful I feel to you! If I could make every officer in the German navy—and the army, too—fall in love with me, and then hand them over to you, I'd do it fifty times over! Don't, please, talk nonsense, or think nonsense! Good-night, Mr. Tiel, and perhaps it's goodbye."

She laughed as she gave him his *nom-de-guerre*, and held out her hand as frankly as she had spoken. He did not take it, however.

"I'm going to escort you over to Mrs. Brown's," he said, with a very different expression now in his eyes.

"It's very good of you," she said; "you are sure you have time?"

"Loads!" he assured her.

He opened the door for her, but she stopped on the threshold. A young woman was waiting in the hall.

"Mrs. Brown has sent her girl to escort me," she said, "so we'll have to"—she corrected herself—"we must say goodnight now. Is it goodbye, or

shall I see you in the morning?"

His face had become very long again.

"I'm very much afraid not. I've got to report myself with the lark. Goodby."

The front door closed behind her, and Commander Blacklock strode back to the fire and gazed at it for some moments.

"Well," he said to himself, "I suppose, looking at things as they ought to be looked at, Mrs. Brown's girl has saved me from making a damned fool of myself! Now to work—that's my proper stunt."

He threw some sheets of foolscap on the table, took out his pen and sat down to his work. For about five minutes he stared at the foolscap, but the pen never made a movement. Then abruptly he jumped up and exclaimed—

"Dash it, I must!"

Snatching up an envelope, he thrust it in his pocket, and a moment later was out of the house.

Miss Holland and her escort were about fifty yards from Mrs. Brown's house when the girl started and looked back.

"There's someone crying on you!" she exclaimed.

Eileen stopped and peered back into the night. It had clouded over and was very dark. Very vaguely something seemed to loom up in the path behind them.

"Miss Holland!" cried a voice.

"It's the minister!" said the girl.

"The—who?" exclaimed Eileen, and added hastily, "Oh, yes, I know who you mean."

A tall figure disengaged itself from the surrounding night.

"Sorry to trouble you," said the voice in curiously quick and jerky accents, "but I've got a note I want this girl to deliver immediately."

He handed her an envelope.

"Hand that in at the first farm on

the other side of the Manse," he commanded, pointing backwards into the darkness. "I'll escort Miss Holland."

"Which hoose—" began the girl.

"The first you come to!" said the Commander, peremptorily. "Quick as you can!"

Then he looked at Eileen and for a moment said nothing.

"What's the matter?" she asked, anxiously. "Has anything gone wrong?"

"Yes," he said, with a half laugh, "I have. I even forgot to lick down that envelope. How the deuce I'm to explain an empty, unaddressed, unfastened envelope the lord only knows!" His manner suddenly changed and he asked abruptly, "Are you in a desperate hurry to get in? I've something to say to you."

He paused and looked at her, but she said not a word in reply, not even to inquire what it was. A little jerkily he proceeded—

"I'm probably making just as great a fool of myself as Belke. But I couldn't let you go without asking—well, whether I am merely making a fool of myself. If you know what I mean and think I am, well, please just tell me you can manage to see yourself safely home—I know it's only about fifty yards—and I'll go and get that wretched envelope back from the girl and tell her another lie."

"Why should I think you are making a fool of yourself?" she asked in a voice that was very quiet, but not quite as even as she meant.

"Let's turn back a little way," he suggested quickly.

She said nothing, but she turned.

"Take my arm, won't you?" he suggested.

In the bitterness of his heart he was conscious that he had rapped out this proposal in his sharpest quarterdeck manner. And he had meant to speak so gently! Yet she took his arm, a little timidly, it is true, but no won-

der, thought he. For a few moments they walked in silence, falling slower and slower with each step; and then they stopped. At that, speech seemed to be jerked out of him at last.

"I wonder if it's conceivable that you'd ever look upon me as anything but a calculating machine?" he inquired.

"I never thought of you in the least as that!" she exclaimed.

The gallant Commander evidently regarded this as a charitable exaggeration. He shook his head.

"You must sometimes. I know I must have seemed that sort of person."

"Not to me," she said.

He seemed encouraged, but still a little incredulous.

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THE END.

"Then did you ever really think of me as a human being—as a—as a"—he hesitated painfully—"as a friend?"

"Yes," she said, "of course I did—always as a friend."

"Could you possibly—conceivably—think of me as"—he hesitated, and then blurted out—"as, dash it all, head over ears in love with you!"

And then suddenly the Commander realized that he had not made a fool of himself after all.

The empty envelope was duly delivered, but no explanation was required. Mrs. Brown's girl supplied all the information necessary.

"Of course I knew fine what he was after," said she.

THE FREEDOM OF THE SEAS.

On February 14 last Lord Robert Cecil told the House of Commons that a year ago Count Reventlow, in the course of a public speech, had explained the meaning of the German demand for the freedom of the seas. Count Reventlow said that, of course, in time of peace the seas were free to all nations. He might have added, but did not, that the hospitality of British ports and naval bases has always been enjoyed by German ships. Briefly, what "we Germans" demand is the surrender to Germany of British sea power, as follows:

What we understand today by this doctrine is that Germany should possess such maritime territories and such naval bases that at the outbreak of war we should be able, with our navy ready, reasonably to guarantee ourselves the command of the seas. We want such a jumping-off place for our navy as would give us a fair chance of

dominating the seas and of being free of the seas during a war. The inalienable possession of the Belgian seaboard is therefore a matter of life and death to us, and the man is a traitor who would faint-heartedly relinquish this coast to England. Our aim should be, not to keep what our arms have already won on this coast, but sooner or later to extend our seaboard to the south of the Straits of Calais.

These words are sufficiently explicit. Count von Hertling, in the course of his speech, addressed to the Main Committee of the Reichstag in January, replying to the declarations of the Allies, was much more subtle. The Imperial Chancellor demanded the cession to an international committee of the principal British naval bases on the way to the East: Gibraltar, Malta, Aden, Hong Kong and the Falkland Islands.

That proposal has been generally re-

garded as not seriously intended. But it is perfectly serious. The German is never frivolous. Count von Hertling's demand is a continuation with the German policy practised at The Hague Peace Conferences, where Germany skilfully enlisted the immemorial jealousy of England's maritime power entertained by the Continental nations, to wrest her maritime rights from England. The British delegates were instructed by Sir Edward (now Viscount) Grey on behalf of the Government to surrender even more than foreigners demanded. The German demand for the freedom of the seas is addressed to the same nations and appeals to the same motives; but fortunately in very different circumstances. All nations now know that in war Germany respects no agreement nor observes any law. Therefore, although it might be an advantage to nations other than England and Germany to take over British naval bases, in so doing they are assured that in time of war Germany would certainly seize them; as, indeed, Count Reventlow asserts; and no other maritime nation in the world but now regards the prospect of German domination at sea without horror.

Nevertheless, it is certain that the Imperial Chancellor also intended to influence those persons in this country who, ignorant of the essential value of naval bases, might be inclined to bargain with them on international conditions. Lord Haldane, for instance, hastened to approve of Count von Hertling's suggestion.

The greatest danger of the insidious German proposals is the delusion that they are not dangerous. During the old wars England dealt with a far more astute opponent than the German, for English statesmen must match their wits against a man of genius, the Emperor Napoleon. But then the condition and the temper of the time were

extremely different. England had then but a small population and few great towns, and she was ruled by men who knew something of their business. The people had little voice in the ordering of affairs.

Today England has a vast population, crowded into great towns, liable to be misled by men of little education and less thought, who are very jealous of political power, and able to sway the Government at every turn. The Government themselves, with the three exceptions of Sir Edward Carson (during his tenure of office), Sir Eric Geddes and Sir Auckland Geddes, have manifested no comprehension of the principles of British sea power nor of its relation to the security of these islands and the maintenance of the British Commonwealth. The leaders of the Labor Party, in their pamphlet setting forth their scheme for the reconstruction of society, *Labor Policy and the New Social Order*, do not even mention the subject, except by implication, when they propose that national defense shall be confided to an international committee, of which Germany is presumably to be a member. The people of England are at this moment leaderless; a condition of which the rulers of Germany are making the best possible use for their own ends.

The essential German, strong because he believes in his creed, void of scruple, tenacious, implacable and cunning, with his saurian impenetrability, and vigilance, watches out of heavy-lidded eyes the frivolous English, drifting from one folly to the next, and every now and then the iron jaws snap. He knows that did the English understand the sea by which alone they live, the suggestion that they should surrender their naval bases would but harden their hearts to go on fighting until every German ship was sunk. But Germany at the Peace Conferences beheld with a sardonic amazement Eng-

land giving away her maritime rights with both hands, offering to abolish contraband of war and the right of search, and, when war came, afraid to enforce a blockade. Why, then, should not the people of England part with their naval bases for the sake of peace? There is no intelligent autocracy in England as there was in the days of Napoleon, to do what was best for England and to lead the people. And the people themselves neither know at what cost their naval bases were won, nor why they were won. Why should they? They did not even understand the uses of a blockade in war, until the German blockade pinched their bellies. Indeed, the British public do not even now understand the significance of the submarine. Taught by foolish speeches by foolish persons, they continue to regard the submarine as a kind of unfortunate accident, not at all affecting what they believe this country to exercise, the command of the sea.

Admiral Lord Jellicoe has recently explained why the Navy was unprepared to deal with the submarine at the beginning of the war. He also gave some reasons for hoping that during the next few months the Navy would have succeeded in greatly diminishing the danger. Let us put the matter no higher than that. It is not probable that the German submarine will decide the present war.

But, quite apart from the present war, there is the future to be considered; and the full meaning of the German demand for the freedom of the seas can only be understood in conjunction with the profound modifications of the conditions of naval warfare wrought by the submarine. No nation can be prevented from building submarines or aeroplanes. It must be anticipated that every maritime nation will maintain a force of submarines, until the nations of the world agree to disarm, probably a far distant contingency.

Therefore, every maritime nation will be able to hold up overseas traffic at will, and to prevent the blockade of its ports by hostile men-of-war. The present writer has already suggested the possibility that the aeroplane will be the answer to the submarine, for, there are no frontiers in aerial warfare. But that time has not yet come. What the country, if it wishes to continue as the chief nation in the British Commonwealth, must now consider, is whether or not England is to achieve and to maintain that maritime supremacy which is the condition of the existence of the British Commonwealth.

The British naval policy during the eight years preceding the war was to abandon British maritime rights and deliberately to renounce the chief weapons of British sea power. No Government could pursue such a course in default of the support of a strong body of public opinion. The protests raised against Sir Edward (now Viscount) Grey's attempt to surrender that part of the Right of Search left after the deprivations of the Declaration of Paris of 1856, were the protests of a minority. The British people as a whole—their Politicians never explained them—cared for none of these things, and knew nothing of the Right of Search.

Broadly speaking, and leaving aside technical legal distinctions, the Right of Search means the right in time of war to stop all neutral vessels, to search them, and if they contain enemy goods, to send them into port for adjudication by the Prize Court. By the Declaration of Paris of 1856 that right was restricted to contraband of war. At The Hague Peace Conference Sir Edward Grey offered to surrender the right to capture contraband of war. The British Government subsequently endeavored to establish an International Prize Court, at which the decisions of the British Prize Court, themselves based upon the Law of Na-

tions, were to be subject to the revision of a committee of foreign jurists. It was then discovered that there was in existence no body of law upon which the proposed tribunal could base its decisions; and the British Government assembled an International Naval Conference to draw up a code. When it was finished and embodied in the Declaration of London, the new laws were found to be so injurious to British interests that the Declaration (embodied in the Naval Prize Bill) was rejected by Parliament. That instrument was, however, imposed upon the Navy by Order in Council at the beginning of the war. At the present moment it is doubtful whether the most learned judge would care to define what is the legal force (if any) of the Declaration of London.

This singular train of events is recalled in order to indicate both the British ignorance of sea power and the consistency of the German naval policy. Count von Hertling's demand for the retrocession of the British naval bases is the logical sequel to the German demands made at The Hague Peace Conference and at the Naval Conference, to which Great Britain eagerly agreed. The German naturally argues that one series of concessions may be followed by another; and that if England is ready to surrender the Right of Search, she may be equally willing to give up her naval bases.

For nearly a hundred years after the Battle of Trafalgar, British supremacy at sea, though threatened during the later years of the nineteenth century, was never formidably challenged. During that period the country came to accept its maritime power as though it were a law of nature, and in a long habit of security were engendered the illusion that war was a thing of the past and the notion that graceful surrenders to foreign requirements were the best guarantees of peace.

These ideas have survived three and a half years of war. They appear, for instance, in the statement of policy contained in the pamphlet, *Labor Policy and the New Social Order*, issued by the Labor Party, in which all national defense is relegated to a League of Nations. The interval of time which must elapse before a League of Nations can be formed, and the highly speculative character of the proposition, are not even mentioned by the political leaders of the Labor Party. Count von Hertling's demands are to their address.

The welfare and the security of an industrial and a manufacturing country, its ability to trade freely with other countries, and the power to protect and administer the vast and scattered territories of the British Commonwealth primarily depend upon the maintenance of sea communications.

Before the war this country owned half the carrying trade of the world. In order to protect this immense industry, a powerful Navy is requisite, together with fortified ports and naval bases, equipped for the support and supply of the Navy and of the Mercantile Marine in every quarter of the globe.

These are elementary principles; but they have been forgotten. But Germany has studied them with care.

The freedom of the seas, according to Count Reventlow, means the acquisition by Germany of such maritime territories and naval bases as should enable her in time of war to obtain the command of the sea. Count Reventlow further explained that the maritime territories included Belgium and the French coast to a point south of Calais; and Count von Hertling has since specified the naval bases he desires, which happen to be the chief English naval bases. The Imperial Chancellor suggests their internationalization, an arrangement which,

while depriving England of their possession, would enable Germany to seize them when she so desired.

The question of the internationalization of naval bases is interesting to foreign Powers, but to England it is a matter of life and death. What Germany is really demanding of the rest of the world is that she should be presented with the ability to hold up the trade of the world by submarine warfare, or rather piracy, at any moment. And it is probable that other nations understand, what apparently England herself does not yet perceive, that England is the only Power able to deal with Germany at sea. Supposing that a League of Nations was to be constituted, upon which of its members would fall the duty of keeping safe and open sea communications? Upon England and America. But if these Powers are to be deprived of their naval bases beforehand, they cannot fulfil that duty. And it is a task which is already being performed in any case.

England has fought heavy and expensive wars in defense of the Right of Search, and the Rock of Gibraltar endured a three years' siege. Before the Battle of Copenhagen, fought in 1801 against the Armed Neutrality of the North to maintain the Right of Search, Nelson told his Commander-in-Chief, Admiral Sir Hyde Parker, that the honor of England, if not her safety, lay in his hands. It is the same today. The honor of England, not less than her safety, depends upon her maintenance of her maritime rights and possessions. They were won by the sacrifice of her best blood, or were fairly purchased by civil treaty. With their possession came a noble responsibility, which England accepted to the full. During nearly a hundred years England has explored, surveyed and charted the seas for the benefit of all nations; opened her ports to all; swept the seas of pirates; suppressed the slave trade, and carried help and suc-

cor and the respect for law and order into every quarter of the globe. These achievements are little known. They are not taught in schools. British youth is nurtured in ignorance of its own inheritance. The records of English seamen are contained in neglected books of travel, or are buried in the archives of the Admiralty. Nevertheless, the other maritime nations of the world know what they owe to England. They owe the freedom of the seas.

Germany has declared her intention of wresting the supremacy of the seas from England. Many nations have determined upon the same enterprise, but none has hitherto succeeded in accomplishing it. Germany hopes to achieve her end by means of the submarine, with which she preys alike on belligerent and neutral.

The needs of England are today what they always have been: the possession of a numerous and properly equipped merchant service; the maintenance of a powerful Navy, whose force ranges from the fleet of capital ships to the squadrons of light craft, and which is supported by defended ports and naval bases. What modification in the design and use of ships will be wrought by the necessity of dealing with the submarine has yet to be seen. But they are not the requirements but the methods of fulfilling the requirements which have been altered.

The present writer ventured to anticipate in this Review that Germany, in time of peace, would continue to use her submarine weapon as a threat, or actually to employ it, in the fight for food which has already begun. And sure enough, the German Admiral Kalan von Hofe, writing in the *Vossische Zeitung* last month, announces that when peace negotiations begin German submarines will continue to blockade England, in order to prevent England from receiving supplies until Germany has all she requires.

A more ingenuous confession of a policy of piracy has never been presented by any nation. It is the same nation which demands the cession of Belgian and French coasts and of the English naval bases. There appears to be some difficulty in the minds of international jurists which prevents them from declaring Germany, a sovereign State, to be a pirate and outside the law. But the fact remains that

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the German Imperial Navy is piratical. Sea law stands in spite of sea lawyers, and, as Germany will find, it will be enforced by seamen. But the seamen cannot do everything. If they are not supported at home, England will go down by that from which she rose, the sea. And she will deserve her fate.

How will fare the rest of the world when the place of England is occupied by Germany, the pirate nation?

L. Cope Cornford.

LORD LISTER.

Six years and more have gone by since, on February 10th, 1912, Lord Lister, who must beyond question be regarded as among the greatest benefactors of the human race, passed away, in the silent retirement of old age, at the Cinque Port of Walmer, in Kent. We have now been presented with an "authentic" account of his career, written by his nephew, Sir Rickman J. Godlee, Bart., President of the Royal College of Surgeons in 1913, who for many years was intimately associated with the great surgeon and scientist in the application of those antiseptic principles which have revolutionized the entire realm of surgery. Like many other distinguished men, it was Lord Lister's desire, which he expressed more than once in conversation, that no biography of an intimate character might be written of him; and this wish, regarded as a sacred trust, has considerably hampered his biographer in exhibiting such a picture of his famous relative as many persons would not unnaturally desire to possess. In spite, however, of the limitations imposed upon him, it will be generally allowed that Sir Rickman Godlee's biography of Lord Lister is one of the

most fascinating volumes, alike for members of the medical profession and for the general reader, which has appeared in this country since the beginning of the war.

Joseph Lister, who came of a sturdy Quaker stock, was born at Upton House, a fine old Queen Anne mansion, at Upton, in Essex, in the year 1827. His father, Joseph Jackson Lister, like many members of the Society of Friends, was in business, and, like not a few of them, a man of remarkable intellectual attainments. He had gained indeed a wide reputation for his discoveries in the field of optics, which led to the production of the "achromatic lens" and the perfection of the modern microscope. This work gained for him a Fellowship of the Royal Society and a large acquaintance among leading scientific men. His family, consisting of four sons and three daughters, was brought up in a wholesome atmosphere of sober and practical religion, entirely free from superstition, and the young people were taught that life was a gift to be employed for the honor of God and the good of one's fellow-men. Natural history pursuits were specially encouraged, and many

botanical and ornithological excursions were taken in Hainault Forest and Epping Forest and in the Barking marshes.

As quite a small boy Joseph Lister had expressed his desire to be a surgeon, and many of his early efforts show a leaning in the same direction. Among his school essays which have been preserved are several, beautifully illustrated with pen and wash drawings, on such subjects as "Osteology" and "The Similarity of Structure between a Monkey and a Man." At school, too, he found recreation in macerating bones and in dissecting birds and small animals. At first his father did not encourage the idea of being a surgeon, for no Lister had ever dreamed of embarking on a professional career. But as the boy's bent became more pronounced, no obstacle was placed in the way, and it became recognized in the family that Joseph was to be a surgeon.

So at the age of seventeen Lister left school and went up to University College, London. The first three years were occupied in taking the degree of B. A. Then, unfortunately, he had an attack of smallpox, followed by a nervous breakdown, which necessitated a long holiday. While he was traveling in Ireland and the depression of spirits had almost passed away, his father wrote him a sympathetic letter, of which the following wise sentences may be quoted: "And, believe us, my tenderly beloved son, that thy proper part now is to cherish a pious cheerful spirit, open to see and to enjoy the bounties and the beauties spread around us; not to give way to turning thy thoughts upon thyself, nor even at present to dwell long on serious things. . . . Do not consider thyself required to answer this, which contains some things I should not generally advert to." On recovering his usual health Lister entered with zeal

and energy into his medical studies, under several teachers of acknowledged eminence. His career was one of exceptional brilliance. Gold medals and other distinctions, both at the College and the University, were bestowed upon him; while during the latter part of his studentship he did some remarkable original work, both microscopical and experimental.

With the acquisition of the M. B. degree of the University of London and the Fellowship of the Royal College of Surgeons, in 1852 Lister's long studentship of nine years at University College came to a close. After a brief period of relaxation we find him at Edinburgh, where he was warmly welcomed by Mr. Syme, Professor of Clinical Surgery in the University, and probably the most original and successful operator of the day. Syme's friendship was a source of considerable advantage to Lister, who before long became his resident house surgeon, and was, moreover, admitted to the charmed home circle at Millbank, Syme's private residence at Morning-side. There he came in contact with many distinguished visitors, including Dr. John Brown, the author of *Rab and His Friends*, and other notable persons. For Lister, however, the happiest result of his close friendship with his chief was the mutual attachment which before long sprang up between himself and Syme's eldest daughter, Agnes. The pair were married in the drawing room at Millbank, after the Scotch fashion, on April 24th, 1856, and a career of unruffled domestic happiness began, which only terminated thirty-seven years later, when Lady Lister died of pneumonia in Italy. One result of his marriage was that Lister resigned his membership of the Society of Friends. It was against the rule of the Quakers to "marry out of the Society"; and Lister, holding the sound and sensible opinion that "true

religion stands neither in forms nor in the formal absence of forms," became a member of the Episcopalian Church, in which communion he found complete satisfaction.

For nearly seven years Lister remained at Edinburgh, where he attained a position of recognized eminence. He was regarded as a young surgeon of great promise, whose practice was grounded upon a broad foundation of anatomical and physiological knowledge. He was known to be a first-rate experimental investigator, the value of whose researches was already recognized beyond the limits of these islands. It was therefore with no feeling of surprise that in 1860 he was appointed by the Crown to the Regius Professorship of Surgery in the University of Glasgow. His tenure of this office was rendered memorable, not only in the annals of the University, but in the history of medicine, by his discovery in 1865 of what is known as the antiseptic treatment in surgery. Up till then the great obstacle in the way of progress was *sepsis*, or the inflammation which regularly followed wounds of every description. This condition was caused by micro-organisms, which at that time were not recognized as enemies, but regarded rather as microscopical curiosities. Still, a certain number of diseases were even then regarded as "septic." Among them may specially be mentioned those which were called "hospital diseases," such as erysipelas, pyæmia, septicæmia and hospital gangrene. These diseases were "the nightmare of operating surgeons," and wrought havoc in the hospitals. Indeed, one distinguished surgeon declared that "a man laid on the operating table in one of our surgical hospitals is exposed to more chances of death than the English soldier on the field of Waterloo." It was the same story in most of the large lying-in hospitals. The mortality from puerperal

fever was appalling. In military practice the mortality after amputations sometimes reached the truly terrible ratio of 75 to 90 per cent. It seemed to be clear that these awful conditions were due to a polluted atmosphere, but how to improve matters was unknown. "In extreme cases," said Sir John Ericksen in his book on *Hospitalism*, "there is only one remedy left, viz., the demolition of the infected fabric, and, we must add, the destruction of its materials. In fact, just as the cattle plague has to be stamped out by the pole-axe, so has the infection of a pyæmic hospital to be destroyed by the pick."

Such was the condition of things when in 1865 Lister began to put into practice his antiseptic treatment. For some time past his mind had been occupied with the subject. He had learned from Pasteur's writings that putrefaction was in fact a fermentation, and that it was caused by minute microscopical beings, which were carried far and wide by dust floating in the air, and, further, that it was possible to free the air of this dust by filtration, or heat, or by other means. This was, indeed, a startling revelation. If it were true the mystery of wound-infection would be cleared up. The pestilence that walketh in darkness would be overcome. It was the air that started the mischief, but not the air itself. The air was only the vehicle which conveyed the micro-organisms, the germs of putrefaction, to the wound. Hence successful wound treatment would no longer consist in employing antiseptic substances after putrefaction had set in, as had often been done in the past, but in purifying the air before it gained access to the wound, so that putrefaction should never be allowed to take place. If this condition could be achieved suppuration would be done away with, and hospital diseases would be banished at the same time. This

was the principle upon which Lister's antiseptic system of surgery was based. It was an effort to prevent the occurrence of putrefaction in wounds at all. It was an endeavor to introduce a new system of surgery by eliminating decomposition altogether, that is, a true aseptic surgery; and if he had, says Sir Rickman Godlee, "from the first adopted the word aseptic, which appears more closely to connote his principle than the word antiseptic, some misunderstandings of later years would never have arisen."

The question that now confronted Lister was how the putrefaction of wounds was to be prevented. The cause of putrefaction was clear. It was due to the presence of micro-organisms in the air. How, then, was the air to be eliminated of germs? Of the three methods available—heat, filtration and treatment by a chemical antiseptic—Lister chose the last. And, looking round for a suitable antiseptic, he remembered that in dealing with the sewage at Carlisle carbolic acid had been used as a disinfectant with striking results. He determined therefore on the use of carbolic acid dressings. The first occasion on which he tried them was in the treatment of a compound fracture in March, 1865. The result was so startling that he contemplated publishing the case at once. But other cases followed in quick succession, each suggesting modifications and improvements, and, indeed, developments of the same treatment. The epoch-making articles which recorded Lister's first observations on the antiseptic system of surgery appeared in the *Lancet* between March and July, 1867, and were quickly followed by a paper on the same subject read before the British Medical Association at Dublin. In that paper he concluded as follows: "Since the antiseptic treatment has been brought into full operation, and wounds and abscesses no

longer poison the atmosphere with putrid exhalations, my wards, though in other respects under precisely the same circumstances as before, have completely changed their character; so that during the last nine months not a single case of pyæmia, hospital gangrene or erysipelas has occurred in them." Under these altered conditions Lister was able to write to his father a few months later: "I now perform an operation for the removal of a tumor, etc., with a totally different feeling from what I used to have; in fact, surgery is becoming a different thing altogether."

The reception given to Lister's antiseptic doctrine reminds the layman that there is such a thing as the *odium medicum* as well as the *odium theologicum*. While the *Lancet* had an appreciative article in which the importance of the discovery was fully recognized, it was, on the other hand, opposed with singular bitterness in many quarters. Among Lister's most virulent antagonists was Sir James Simpson, the discoverer of chloroform, who attacked the antiseptic system and its inventor with prolonged and consistent animosity. In the same camp were mostly to be found the senior surgeons, who disliked change, and who clung to the old methods of treatment. If, for decency's sake, the new system had to be given a trial, it was done in a half-hearted, perfunctory manner. It involved, beyond question, considerable difficulties; and it is no wonder that the seniors, almost without exception, failed to obtain Lister's results. "Their failures caused them little sorrow, but rather the satisfactory feeling that, after all, this new doctrine had nothing whatever in it, and that they had not all their lives been following cunningly-devised fables." It is, however, disappointing to find that many able and open-minded men, like Sir John Ericksen and Sir James Paget, failed

at first to grasp Lister's fundamental idea. In London, especially, the opposition was pronounced. To mention antiseptic surgery, we are told, was to cause irritation, or at least to elicit a scoff or a sneer; and "Lister's name became to London surgeons like that of Aristides the Just to the Athenians." On the Continent the reception given to the new treatment was on the whole more favorable. While in some countries it was received with the apathy or opposition experienced at home, the Swiss, Danish and German surgeons at once recognized its value. As early as 1867 it was employed in his hospital at Leipzig by Professor Thiersch; and von Volkmann, of Halle, quickly became "Lister's most devoted disciple." Ernst von Bergmann, well known to Englishmen in connection with the illness of the Emperor Frederick, also adopted the treatment, and set up in his hospital "a system of antiseptic drill, worked out to the minutest details, in opposition to the old beloved habits, with the rigor and pedantry of a military course of instruction." It must be remembered that the influence of the German surgeons was at that time undoubtedly great, and "to some extent the rest of the world waited to hear what their verdict on the antiseptic treatment would be."

In the year 1869 Lister had succeeded his father-in-law, Mr. Syme, in the chair of Clinical Surgery at Edinburgh. Within a month of his appointment, his aged father passed away at Upton; and the long and intimate correspondence between father and son came to a close. The few extracts, which Sir Rickman Godlee has allowed himself to give, indicate here and there, though very faintly, the depth of the affection that existed between them. Nothing but Lister's expressed wishes, adds Sir Rickman, "has prevented the insertion of others of which there are very many, which would have shown how much

they leaned each on the other for support in worldly matters, in questions requiring judgment, and in spiritual things." After a few years' work at Edinburgh, an opportunity arose of fulfilling what had been with Lister a lifelong desire; viz., a Hospital appointment in London. More than once expectations had been raised in that direction, only to meet with disappointment. So he had steadfastly continued his work in Scotland, teaching his huge classes, instructing the many foreign surgeons who visited his clinic, and working out the details of the antiseptic treatment. Lister was now in his fiftieth year, when Sir William Fergusson, Professor of Clinical Surgery at King's College, London, died. The number of medical students at King's College was at that time very small; and it is not surprising that the council should have thought of retrieving their fortunes by inviting some surgeon of acknowledged distinction to take Sir William Fergusson's place. Lister was approached upon the matter; but the negotiations seemed likely to fall through. At length, however, his conditions were accepted, and he was duly elected to the chair of Clinical Surgery on June 18th, 1877. So much to the surprise of many persons, who had come to identify Lister with Edinburgh, he left his splendid field of work in the northern capital—the large Infirmary, the unrivaled class of enthusiastic students, and the settled affection of his Scottish friends—in order to take up a secondary position in a comparatively small London hospital, where the average annual entry of medical students was less than 25, whereas that in the University of Edinburgh was over 180. But Lister was now "a man with a mission." The antiseptic treatment had by this time been accepted in almost every part of the world, except London, where alone it made but little way. The importance

of converting the greatest center of learning and education in England justified almost any sacrifice, and it seemed as if the only way of convincing Londoners was to let them see how he actually carried out the treatment himself, and the results he was able to obtain.

Before the year was over Lister and his wife had established themselves in London, at No. 12 Park Crescent, close to the Botanical Gardens, which afforded a secluded spot for purposes of meditation. Close by he opened a private nursing home, an institution at that time almost unknown in London. For years his patients occupied the greater number of its rooms, and his morning visit there was part of the ordinary daily round. At King's College he had to encounter many difficulties. He had, however, stipulated with the Medical Committee that he should be allowed to bring with him from Edinburgh four men whom he had himself trained to form the nucleus of his staff at the hospital. Among them was Watson Cheyne, now Sir Watson Cheyne, senior surgeon to King's College Hospital, who became his house surgeon. Without such assistance it would have been almost impossible to plant the antiseptic system in the uncongenial soil which was the best that King's College Hospital was able to offer him. There was, too, a good deal of friction to overcome, especially in connection with the nursing department, which unfortunately was in the hands of a sisterhood. The lack of sympathy and of enthusiasm among the sisters was to Lister a new experience. He could hardly bring himself to believe that such a state of mind was possible. It not only created an unpleasant atmosphere in the wards, but it seriously endangered the success of his special treatment. By degrees, however, Lister's position became more and more secure. The main

principle of his system came at length to be taken for granted. The rising generation of surgeons were, for the most part, his convinced followers, and by degrees they began to fill the important posts at the great hospitals. Lister's very pertinacity also wore down opposition. His frequent modifications of detail convinced thoughtful people that it was not the details that mattered, but the principle. Thus the *Lancet*, after praising in a leader the persistence with which Lister endeavored to perfect the practical details of his method of treatment, continued:

"To the unthinking it may seem strange that a 'new' antiseptic dressing is so often introduced to the profession, even by the founder of the system himself. But, in truth, no better evidence of the substantial soundness of the principle upon which the system rests could be adduced, and the scientific character of the aseptic system is broadly attested by the constant perfection of the details, and by its almost daily development."

For fifteen years Lister occupied the chair of Clinical Surgery at King's College. He soon, we are told, fell into the usual habit of the London consulting surgeon, "with early private operations, morning consultations at home, afternoon hospital visits, and occasional attendance at Societies' meetings in the evening." He not unnaturally became on terms of friendly intimacy with most of the best known surgeons and physicians of the day—Jenner, Gull, Paget, Ericksen, Andrew Clark, Broadbent, Thomas Smith and many others. Honors were showered upon him. Since the year 1870 he had been Surgeon-in-Ordinary to Queen Victoria in Scotland, having succeeded Syme in that office: soon after he came to London he was appointed Surgeon-in-Ordinary to Her Majesty in England, on the death of Mr. John Hilton. In the year 1880 he received the degree

of LL.D. from the University of Cambridge, and also the D. C. L. Oxon., the latter in company with Fawcett, Millais and Watts. Foreign distinctions, too, were bestowed upon him in abundance. In 1883 he became a baronet, in spite of his well-known views on vivisection; and some years later, on the occasion of Queen Victoria's second Jubilee, he was raised to the peerage.

The retiring age for the Professors of King's College is sixty-five, and in 1892 the "melancholy hour" struck for Lister; and at the end of July he delivered his last clinical lecture to the students. At the request, however, of the Council, he continued in charge of his wards for another year. This enabled him to continue his private practice for the same period, for he had always determined, Sir Rickman tells us, that "for him it would be right to give up private practice when he no longer had such opportunities of constant operating and gaining new experience as, for probably the majority of surgeons, are only afforded by the charge of wards in a hospital.

In the year of his retirement a crushing blow overtook Lister. The usual spring holiday was being spent on the Italian Riviera, when they were staying at Rapallo, botanizing as usual, and thoroughly enjoying themselves. One morning after breakfast, as they were changing the drying papers of some botanical specimens, Lady Lister had an attack of shivering. It was the precursor of acute pneumonia, which developed with alarming rapidity, and in four days Lady Lister was dead. The shock to Lister was terrible. As they had no children, she had been his almost daily companion for thirty-seven years, "sharing all his joys and anxieties, exulting in his triumphs and watching over him with almost a mother's care." Their lives were intimately bound together. She entered

into his scientific work with intelligent interest and shared with him his love of natural history. The ponderous "commonplace books" are mostly in her handwriting, and "only those who have been privileged to write a few pages in them can appreciate the amount of patience which was required." Indeed, no picture of Lister's life would be complete that did not suggest her constant presence at his side. In their early days of married life, Dr. John Brown, calling to mind a childish illness of hers which involved several days of unconsciousness, had said: "Lister is one who, I believe, will go to the very top of his profession, and as for Agnes, she was once in heaven for three or four days when she was a very little child, and she has borne the mark of it ever since."

Henceforth, Lister was a solitary man, and the whole course of his life was changed. He was not, however, entirely alone, for his sister-in-law, Miss Syme, continued to live with him. But without the loving sympathy and encouragement of his wife he had little heart for experimental work, as the scarcity of notes in the "commonplace book" testifies. The social gatherings, too, at Park Crescent, were almost entirely given up. But Lister did not allow himself to retire altogether from public life. He undertook, almost immediately, in succession to Sir Archibald Geikie, the office of Foreign Secretary to the Royal Society, and in 1895 he became its President. He was frequently, too, called upon to lecture, and to take part in many public ceremonies. In the year 1896 he was President of the British Association, which met that year at Liverpool, on which occasion he delivered what proved to be his last great address on the subject of antiseptics. Lister's eightieth birthday was celebrated throughout the scientific world. At home it was deter-

mined at a large representative meeting, held in the theatre of the Royal College of Surgeons, that the occasion should be marked by the publication in book form of Lister's numerous writings which were scattered abroad in various journals and transactions. The work, which was no sinecure, was entrusted to a committee of five, including Sir Watson Cheyne and Sir Rickman Godlee. The scheme, when communicated to Lister, came to him as a complete surprise and met with his warmest approval. It removed, moreover, a great weight from his mind. The *Collected Papers* appeared in June, 1909, in two sumptuous quarto volumes, published by the Clarendon Press, in fine bold type and with many reproductions of Lister's drawings.

Lister had had a serious illness in 1903, and though eight years of life still remained to him, they were marked by the labor and sorrow of old age. As time went on he naturally became more feeble, and the last few years of his life were spent in complete retirement at Walmer, in Kent, cheered by the tender care and kindness of his sister-in-law and the occasional visits of his nephews and nieces. For some little time before his death he was unconscious, when, on February 10th, 1912, he passed almost imperceptibly away. An offer of burial in Westminster Abbey naturally followed, but Lister had left clear directions that he wished to be laid beside his wife in West Hampstead Cemetery. A public funeral service was, however, held in the Abbey, at which the Dean, Bishop Ryle, officiated, and which was attended by a crowd of representatives of distinguished Orders and Societies, alike from Great Britain and from the Continent, who had come to pay a last tribute to his memory.

In looking back upon Lister's career, there are, apart from his lofty position

in the world of science and surgery, one or two circumstances which call for recognition. He was one of those fortunate men who possessed a hobby, which rendered his holidays times of true recreation. As a boy in Essex he had shown a taste for natural history, which his father, like a wise man, had fostered and encouraged in every way. At University College, London, his interest in botany was developed and strengthened under the inspiring influence of Professor Lindley. From henceforth field botany became a favorite pursuit; and packets of pressed wild flowers were the invariable and much-prized trophies of his foreign tours. At home, too, during the brief periods of rest he sometimes allowed himself, botany and ornithology were an unfailing source of interest and delight. In conjunction with his brother Arthur, who was a distinguished naturalist, he had for some years a house at Lyme Regis, where, in the beautiful neighborhood, many happy and refreshing rambles would be taken. Swanage, too, was one of his favorite haunts, and on the glorious downs which stretch for miles above the rocky coast he would wander with his wife in search of birds and wild flowers. Sir Rickman Godlee has given us a most interesting facsimile reproduction of a page from Lister's diary, dated April 30th, 1891, when, in company with his wife, he made an excursion from Swanage to Kimmeridge. It gives a list of twenty-four species of birds they had seen on the way, together with a sketch and description of another they could not recognize. Writing to his brother, during the same visit, he says: "We are having nice little excursions here in the afternoons. Altogether we have seen fifty-six species of birds already, not including several commoner kinds which have not turned up, and some spring migrants which have not yet come."

One element in Lister's success as a surgeon was the intense pleasure he took in his work. As far back as 1853, when he was acting as house surgeon to Mr. Syme at Edinburgh, he had written to his father: "If the love of surgery is a proof of a person's being adapted for it, then certainly I am fitted to be a surgeon; for thou can'st hardly conceive what a high degree of enjoyment I am from day to day experiencing in this bloody and butchering department of the healing art. I am more and more delighted with my profession." And with his love of surgery was associated a deep sense of the sacredness and dignity of his calling. Writing to his father, to whom he spoke freely of the deepest things in his heart, he says: "I trust I may be enabled in the treatment of patients always to act with a single eye to their good, and therefore to the glory of our Heavenly Father. If a man is able to act in this spirit, and is favored to feel something of the sustaining love of God in his work, truly the practice of surgery is a glorious occupation." This lofty ideal of duty he

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ever tried to inspire in the hearts of his students. In his inaugural address, as Regius Professor of Surgery, to the students of Glasgow, he ended his oration by insisting on the two great requisites for the medical profession: "First, a warm, loving heart; and secondly, Truth in an earnest spirit." The memorable words with which he concluded his graduation address to the students of Edinburgh in 1876, almost demand quotation, for they contain the secret of Lister's life. They are fitly chosen by Sir Rickman Godlee as the motto on the title page of his great biography. "If," said Lister, "we had nothing but pecuniary rewards and worldly honors to look to, our profession would not be one to be desired. But in its practice you will find it to be attended with peculiar privileges; second to none in intense interest and pure pleasures. It is our proud office to tend the fleshly tabernacle of the immortal spirit, and our path, if rightly followed, will be guided by unfettered truth and love unfeigned. In the pursuit of this noble and holy calling I wish you all God-speed."

John Vaughan.

CHERITON'S FARM.

"Men do be poor things. If they get fire and food and sleep they do think of nothing else. They are afraid for their lives of their masters; and yet, if they banded together, as Joseph Arch taught them, the masters would give them their price. They talk of machines—but machines have no hands and brains and feet; and the corn would rot in the fields if there were no men, only machines. But these laborers—if they had been women they would have struck long ago. It is

women who think, and plan, and struggle. But *they*—their wage has risen two shillings in ten years. They have fourteen shillings a week when the weather is good. Oh, they think how well off they are—there is no need to fight! They are down, and they will stay down. They are bound hand and foot."

Mrs. Kesteven paused, rather breathless, and lifted the great iron pan from the fire to the bar with an emphatic gesture that seemed like the natural conclusion to her sentence.

The young man sitting at the table looked up resentfully. It was a large, low, old-fashioned kitchen, in a roomy cottage that had once been half of a farmhouse; the other half was now another cottage. The table was well-scrubbed deal, and over the end of it where he sat eating there was a white cloth, coarse, but clean. His plate, although he had been attacking its contents for some minutes, was still half filled with beans and potatoes—the slice of cold meat originally upon it had already disappeared. One generally made it last out the vegetables, but the day had been a hard one, and in sheer exhaustion Ben Kesteven had instinctively attacked the more stimulating food. He could speak now.

"A bonny fix you'd be in, if I struck, Mother," he said grimly.

"I do not tell one man to strike alone," said his mother. "That is foolishness. One man alone is in the hollow of the master's hand. If he goes, ten will fill his place. But not if all band together."

"Oh, drop it," said her son, still with half-smothered resentment. "Don't I know it all? But——"

He returned to his vegetables, swallowing them with the crude hunger of a half-savage animal, and held out his plate for a second helping, which his mother gave him from the iron pan. That disposed of, he took a long draught of weak tea from a huge old-fashioned mug. There was no beer: the current household finances did not allow of it; but when supper was finished he lit his pipe. One ounce of tobacco in a week, at threepence halfpenny—that was his only luxury, and his mother half grudgingly insisted on his buying it, since, in her judgment, men were only big children, who had a right at least to the minimum of playthings.

She was a small woman, abnormally thin and wiry, moving quickly like a

bird, and accomplishing a huge amount of work during the day. She always looked as if the entire responsibility of the household rested on her, though her husband was living. But he had been injured in the harvest field, before the days of the Compensation Act. Even so, many employers would have found regular work for a man injured in their service, and whose skill was only limited by the fact that he could do no heavy lifting. But Cheriton, the chief farmer of the village, for whom all the Kestevens worked, was as far removed as possible from the old feudal type; and at present Kesteven senior seldom earned more than two days' wages a week.

The other bread-winner was Arthur, a lad of fifteen, working nearly as hard as his brother, for three and sixpence a week. Then there was Emily, sixteen, who had been in service, but had broken down and come home to rest. And there were Bobby and May, aged eleven and ten, and Harry, just eight, who were still at school. Two other lads, Ted and Alec, who came between Ben and Emily, had emigrated some years ago. Even now, if the cottage had not been exceptionally roomy, with its three bedrooms, one fairly sized, though two very small, there would have been desperate overcrowding; and it could hardly be said, as it was, that overcrowding did not exist, especially at nights, when they all gathered in the kitchen.

Ben Kesteven was a stalwart, rather handsome young fellow of four and twenty. He had lit his pipe in somewhat sullen silence, but as he drew long puffs his face became more tranquil.

"Where are the others?" he inquired.

"All out blackberrying," said his mother. "I'm making jam tomorrow; we'll have a roly-poly on Sunday. And Father's in the *Rising Sun*—it's a fortnight come Saturday since he had a

pint, and he thought he'd earned it; he's done two days and overtime this week. Aren't you going round to see Lucy? It's only half past six."

She had begun to speak in her ordinary tone, but the last words had a nervous ring in them, for a change had come over Ben's face that frightened her. He rose quite suddenly, his half-smoked pipe in his hand.

"I'll take a turn outside," he said. "I ain't going to Lucy's, Mother; we've parted. But"—as she began to speak—"I don't want to hear nowt about it; there's things the less said about the better."

His mother put down the dish she was holding, and looked at him, slowly realizing something she had always dimly foreboded. She had known all was not well the moment he came in, and tried to comfort herself by the fact that he was eating his supper. But perhaps her dumb sympathy touched him, for when he had reached the door, he turned in a sudden reaction of confidence. After all, he and his mother had been comrades many a year.

"What has a chap like me to do with a girl like yon?" he broke out. "What have chaps like me got to do, anyhow, with marrying? The girl's grand friends told her pretty often that she'd brought her pigs to a poor market; and they nobbut spoke God's truth. But haven't I a right to live same as another man? I'm flesh and blood like Cheriton, for all he treats me as dirt. It fair maddens me to see him walking round as if he'd got the world by a string; and he'd move heaven and earth to get more out of us without paying. He'd rob Jesus Christ. I'll work for him because I must; but I'll never forgive him. It's him and his breed that do the poor out of their little bit of happiness that's all they can call their own. I've never been one to let all run off my tongue, but I've wanted this many a year to see

him roast in hell. . . . And now, if it wasn't for Dad and you——"

"You go away, Ben," said his mother, sharply and promptly. "We'll pull through somehow, Dad and the children and me. I'll happen get field work. You go where you can get better money, and make a home for Lucy."

"That I'll not," said Ben, as decidedly. "I'm main glad I've had it out with Lucy. I know now where I be." His lip just quivered, but steadied itself again. "She may go her way, and I'll go mine. And as for leaving home—I'd be likely, wouldn't I, to play a damned fool trick like that? and a lot of luck I'd get that way. Do you suppose I've not watched you scrambling your heart out all these years for the rest of us? Nay, but I only wish I'd the sending of yon Cheriton to hell. It would do me more good than a month's wages and nowt to do!"

"You're not likely," said his mother—all the more acidly because her eyes were full of tears, and she was looking towards the darkest corner of the room, and trying to keep them wide open lest Ben should see a drop fall—"to get either one or the other."

"That's so," said Ben, relapsing suddenly into his normal phlegmatic manner. "But my mind is my own. You can't—" quickened and spurred by suffering, he suddenly rose to a brilliant metaphor—"you can't give a man's thoughts the sack or raise the rent on 'em; and if I like to darn Cheriton in my mind, God himself shan't stop me. And *you* needn't blame me, Mother—I've got my temper from you. Dad 'ud let himself be swept up and flattened out and rolled over, and never turn a hair. But you ain't like that, nor I ain't; and, mark my words, Art'll be just like you and me. He keeps a still tongue in his head, but he's all on the boil inside him. . . . Got a match, Mother?"

She handed him a half-filled box and he lit his pipe again and went out.

Ben's attitude towards his employer represented the cumulative effect of a great many lesser grudges. He had got into a way of counting them over in his mind. There was the henhouse; which requires some explanation. Ten years ago, when the family was in a smaller cottage, also belonging to Cheriton, and there were ten inmates for the four rooms, their employer had allowed three of the boys to sleep in an unoccupied henhouse. He meant it as a kindness, yet it had rankled in Ben's mind. He resented still the feeling of the damp earth striking up through boards and sacking, although, to do him justice, he resented it chiefly for Alec, who had been rather a delicate lad.

Then there was the fact, already alluded to, that, while his father had been injured in carrying out one of Cheriton's own orders, though the farmer did on that occasion pay him his wages for a month, he had never once gone out of his way to provide any regular work for him, or to ask him how he was "putting on." And yet, Kesteven had worked for him, and his father before him, for nineteen years. To be sure, not long after the accident he had offered to speak for the family at the Board of Guardians; and it had declined his offer.

Again, there was the time when he rode by in the evening, and saw Ben, in the falling dusk, digging in the cottage garden, and he had called out: "I'll warrant you don't put your back into it that way when you are working for me."

It was false, and he knew it, for the Kestevens, whatever their failings of temper, were all excellent workers; but Cheriton was feeling stung at having failed to carry a trivial resolution at the Parish Council, and he wanted to sting someone else.

Then the grievance about the pig. The family had kept pigs always under Cheriton's father; but Cheriton himself refused either to sell them a pig or to spend a few shillings on making the sty habitable. He did more: he said bluntly—he rather prided himself on a blunt sincerity, which he imagined won him at least the respect of men—"I don't hold with it. These pigs are too great a temptation to a chap that's in and out all day among corn and vegetables. And human nature's human nature."

Human nature *was* human nature, and that day another very black mark was scored against Mr. Cheriton. Old Farmer Christie in Enderby let his men keep pigs, and never grudged them a turnip nor a handful of corn for fattening time. He *knew* the wages weren't enough for men to live on, when they had nothing in kind. He wasn't half a bad sort, old Christie, even if he sometimes let go and "swore hisself black and blue"; when he could make it a bit easier for a fellow he did it, and everybody knew it was a hard pull for him to keep going. The Christies didn't keep a servant: his wife and daughter did the work of the farmhouse themselves, butter and cheese and all. There was no stand-offishness about them, and they'd everybody's good word. And even if the standing wage was only fourteen shillings, the same as Cheriton's, they did try to make it regular all the year round.

But Cheriton was well-to-do. As the saying went, "He had money and he wed money." The general belief was that he could easily have paid his men fifteen shillings a week all round, with cottages for the head men. He could hunt with his handsome, stylish wife; he could buy "moters." She could get what were popularly supposed to be Paris gowns, and maids from London. That was yet another grievance.

There were girls in the village, capable and hard-working, well trained in the simple duties of the cottage—young girls who for the next few years should have lived near home under the supervision of their parents. Instead of that, at fourteen or fifteen they had to face the world in other villages or in great towns. Neither at the vicarage nor the farm—Cheriton's was the farm *par excellence*—was room ever made for a village girl. Ben's own sister—the one who had come home broken down—had herself applied for a post as housemaid with the Cheritons and had been refused.

"They do be mortally afraid that a girl out of the village will want more evenings off," was the popular explanation.

"Ay, and she might get telling about t' Cheritons at home," was generally appended.

So Emily, ignored by farm and vicarage, had gone farther afield, and as maid-of-all-work in a London flat, overworked and underfed, had developed serious anæmia. Then Lucy—if Lucy had had a chance, she would have gone to the Cheritons rather than leave the village. Certainly, when she went away, the lines fell to her in comparatively pleasant places. She had light work, long holidays, good wages, which she spent as fast as she earned them, chiefly on festivities or finery. Year by year, Ben had seen the growing difficulty of making a home for her. She used to come back, radiant in some bargain picked up at a West End clearance sale, and talk of theatres, hippodromes, the White City—all the gaieties of London life, almost as if she viewed them from the standpoint of a woman of means. And yet, with the better part of her, she clung to her old playmate, and the boy-and-girl engagement. And Ben still hoped. In three more years, all well, Artie would almost be a man, and earning probably

ten shillings a week. Emily, in spite of the hard fare, was growing stronger and would soon be in service again, or perhaps married. By all accounts, there was a young fellow in a big confectionery business only waiting for a rise to speak to her. Then Dad's work—Ben wished to goodness the Commissioners would take it into their heads to call Cheriton over the coals with respect to his extremely defective farming. There would be regular work for Dad; there would be regular work for many other men, if the land were farmed as it ought to be farmed.

He had been dwelling on the last point to Lucy the night before, and suddenly, quite unexpectedly, the parting of the ways had come.

"Look here, Ben," she said. "You're only cheating yourself. What do the Commissioners care if the land goes to pieces? Cheriton gives them their rent regular: that's all *they* want. You might as well expect the angels to come and darn your socks for you! Don't tell me about Commissioners. I tell you lad, if you can't make up your mind to quit, we'd better part and have done with it. But if you'll quit, and come to Hammersmith, there's a place the mistress told me of, and she asked me if you'd like to try for it. It's thirty shillings a week clear. We could get a house for seven and six, good enough to begin with, and furnish on the hire system."

Ben moistened his dry lips.

"How much would I send home every week?" he said.

Lucy's eyes flashed ominously.

"They won't expect us to do much, not till we get turned round," she said. "Later on, when you'd a rise, I'd be the last to grudge a postal order now and then."

"That would be too late," said Ben, simply. "In three years, Lucy, Artie'll be earning a man's wage, and three

years — oh, it's nothing out of a lifetime.

"An' it's nothing for a girl to be losing her youth and good looks," said Lucy. "I tell you plainly, Ben, I've had enough of it. They're living on you, that's all it is, and you've never a thought for me, who might have my pick any day. No, it's time you chose between us, and there aren't many girls would have waited as long as I have. The very Bible says a man's to leave his father and mother, and"—she rushed on quite unconsciously, and Ben was equally unconscious of the incongruity of the words—"he that loves father or mother more'n me isn't worthy of me."

Ben's senses were whirling; somehow this present contingency had never once presented itself. It had seemed so inevitable that, for good or evil, Lucy and he would always be together.

"Do you mean you're chucking me?" he asked, hoarsely, half expecting, the next second, to feel her soft arms round his neck.

"No," said Lucy, proudly and bitterly. "It's you're chucking me. They're all before me, with you."

It was only two days ago, but what Ben answered had gone from him; he only knew that somehow he had found himself standing alone outside Lucy's cottage. He had walked away, then stopped; it seemed impossible that things should end so—that she should not come hurrying after him, as she had done once before, when they had quarreled over "some other fellow." But she did not come, and he did not knock at the door, for when he thought of "giving in," his mother's worn face rose up before him, and for a moment he hated Lucy as vehemently as he had loved her.

That, however, could not last. To hate Lucy broke his life in two, and there was no use in hating God—what did God care? He couldn't pay Him

out. And then the storm of bitter feeling that had flooded his whole soul flowed into an accustomed channel, only ploughing it wider and deeper—the channel of resentment against Cheriton. Men must have symbols; and Cheriton had become more to Ben than his individual employer. He was incarnate unjust privilege. There came a clear resolve to him that one day he would make Cheriton suffer. He stood still on the road—there was no one in sight or hearing, and said slowly:

"God help me to smash Cheriton. . . . Please, God, help me to smash Cheriton. For Christ's sake. Amen!"

Then he went home, and the next day Lucy left for London.

Possibly he was unjust to Cheriton, who was not consciously hard or brutal. The farmer held, quite honestly, that his men liked him quite as much as if he had coddled them, patched and mended their cottages without demanding more rent, and sent milk or puddings, or beef tea, whenever babies arrived. Photographs of their mental attitude towards him, taken by some soul flashlight, and reflected on his own consciousness, would have amazed him unspeakably. But he was not a man of many intuitions, and the gossip of the public house—some of it illuminating enough—was quite remote from him. His wages were the normal wages of the neighborhood, and though he employed much day labor, and the amount of "standing off" was above the average, he would have told an inquirer, quite honestly, that overtime much more than counterbalanced it. He had never taken the trouble to figure out for the year the wage of one of his workmen. Why should he?—If they didn't like it, they could leave.

The fact was, he belonged to a class, apparently increasing in numbers, which is lacking in the true farmer's spirit. He regarded land, like labor, merely as a source of wealth. In so

far as he loved anyone but himself, he loved his wife, a pretty, shallow woman, with a faint clinging charm about her. It delighted him that she possessed two "moters." But the land he did not love, and he certainly did not dream that in the village his neglect of it was characterized not only as "taking the bread out of folk's mouths," but as "starving the great mother of us all."

That was Cheriton—to outward appearance a dark, clean-shaven, square-faced man of thirty-eight, who looked like a cross between a country gentleman and a rent collector or an insurance agent. And Ben, looking out on the life that stretched before him, saw always Cheriton, like a blank high wall on both sides of it, blocking it into one dull, narrow groove.

There had been a glow on the future, because of Lucy. He had been confident that she would wait for him, and meanwhile she had frequent holidays, and her kisses were sweet on his lips. He drew strength from them for the lagging years. But now that solace was taken from him. Yet if Cheriton had only dealt fairly by his father, if he had even paid Artie what the lad was honestly earning, Ben could have left home without a pang of conscience, knowing that they would be able to face the winter without him. Cheriton had robbed him of youth, happiness, love itself.

He had a natural bent towards silence, that was becoming dangerous now. There were two pictures in his mind day by day. One was of Lucy, with her soft, delicate beauty, her slender rounded figure. There were times when the sheer hunger to take her in his arms again, and almost crush the life out of her with his strong caresses, was like actual, physical famine. And then there came another picture—the impassive face of Cheriton, with its critical gray eyes. He

would like to strike one great crushing blow at that face, so that the calculating eyes would never look again on the world which they had exploited.

Meanwhile, sober common sense, and the love of his mother, were strong in him, and he went on working as conscientiously as if he had liked and esteemed his employer. He never went near the church, dismissing it with the verdict—"Parsons and farmers allus hang together like thieves." But he liked to think of a day of judgment. He thought he could tell the Almighty a fact or two about Cheriton.

It was some weeks later—a Sunday night, warm and windy and dark, without moon or stars. The Kestevens were at rest for the night, all but Ben; and he had gone for a stroll. He, who had always slept the perfect, sound sleep of childhood, had become curiously wakeful, and when he slept he dreamed. Twice he had startled the boys with crying out in his dreams. He would wake suddenly with a heavy sense of disaster, and then remember. So much of his emotional and mental life had been built into an imaginary future that to lose it was like losing eyesight or hearing on the physical plane. His very soul was maimed.

The church bell had chimed ten, and he turned home reluctantly. Everywhere the lights were out; the village lay wrapped in gloom, and he could hardly see the great, dark outlines of Cheriton's farm on his left. He passed the gate, was passing the great haystack looming up in the adjacent field, somewhat paler than the buildings it stood near; then he stopped, staring across the field. There was nothing to be seen, except a darkness rather denser just above the stack, and yet, with the sure instinct of the country-bred lad, he knew what had happened. There was no mistaking that acrid, pungent scent. The stack was on fire, and Ben's heart throbbed with sudden fierce

exultation. It was Cheriton's own fault. The men knew perfectly well that he had hurried the hay to save labor, and stacked it too damp. He had done the same thing before, but hitherto he had always had "the devil's own luck." But now, perhaps the luck had changed, for though he generally insured his hay promptly, some trivial incident had interfered with his usual custom, and—Ben had heard it from one of the cowmen—he would not be insured till tomorrow.

Everyone was asleep, and it was pretty certain that the fire would not be discovered till it was too late to arrest it. That, Ben murmured to himself, was a bit of all right. The hatred seemed to leap up in his soul, with the thought of the leaping flames. The wind was blowing towards the farmhouse: but it held nothing that Ben valued, or that valued him. Moreover, though his mother sometimes worked for Mrs. Cheriton, the latter never troubled to nod to her in the village street.

He hushed his footsteps somewhat, for no one must ever suspect that he had passed that way, and, quite deliberately, he walked on. But he had a curious sense of being entangled in great issues, and even helping to create them. He felt himself God's accomplice in punishing Cheriton.

So it was until he put his hand on the latch of his own cottage door, and then another thought flashed upon him—a thought that only a mind possessed by such fierce hatred could have kept so long at bay. If the fire spread, the outbuildings would catch first, and if any living thing suffered, it was most improbable that it would be Cheriton. It would be Ben's own friends, the dumb animals—the cows and horses who had never harmed anyone. Ben gave a stifled exclamation as he realized their peril, and it was as if he awoke suddenly into a fresh con-

sciousness in which resentment had no place. He turned round and rushed back. Possibly he might be in time even now to put out the fire, for it was only ten minutes since he had discovered it. But much may happen in ten minutes, and when he turned the last corner he saw that the stack was beginning to blaze. But he hurried on, shouting as he ran. He dared not stop, save to secure a ladder and a piece of tarpaulin, but his voice roused the dogs, and they very soon roused Cheriton. Within a few moments the farmer was out of doors, with the farm hands who were living in. But Ben had already raised the ladder against the stack, and climbed up, and was trying to crush out the flames with the tarpaulin. It was not large enough however, and the fire was still breaking out in fresh places. But help was at hand, and presently one man was passing pails of water up to Ben, while another worked at the pump, and Cheriton himself rushed to and fro with the pails. The fire was all but out when, with a sickening thud, a loosened section of the hay came crashing down on the farther side, carrying with it a helpless form, blackened, stifled and blind with smoke.

For a few days it was quite clear to the local doctor, and to the consulting surgeon whom Cheriton called in and to Cheriton himself, that Ben was dying. Ben, too, was quite clear on the point, especially when he discovered, after a troubled sleep, that his strong left arm was gone forever. But before he died, he wanted, "as deeing man to living man," to tell Cheriton what he thought of him.

No one ever knew what passed between the two in that strange interview, but Mrs. Kesteven vowed that Cheriton came out from it looking at least ten years older. He passed her in silence, "like a broken man," and

she hurried back to Ben, hardly expecting to find him alive. But Ben, in spite of splints and bandages, had somehow contrived to turn on his side, and, with a simply angelic expression, was sleeping like a child.

It was his first natural sleep, and he practically slept the clock round, hardly rousing to swallow the food that was given him at intervals. When he woke to clear consciousness it was daylight; the warm sunshine was about him, and also a scent of mignonette that he had always associated with Lucy. He looked at his mother with questioning eyes; and she smiled, and went out of the room. The next moment another step entered it, and Lucy's lips met his, with a heartfelt of healing in them.

The Cornhill Magazine.

"But, Lucy," he murmured, "I've nobbut one arm."

"I've two," said Lucy, as they stole round him.

Cheriton is in the trenches today; and the men say that there was never a kindlier, more popular officer. Ben, Lucy, Artie, and the senior Kestevens, with a few boys from the village, are running the farm among them with remarkable success. Mrs. Cheriton, who has sold her "moters," is as pathetically anxious to help as she is incapable of helping. So they find her, here and there, little bits of what Lucy calls "toy work." But, as old Mrs. Kesteven remarks, "Never you mind. The Scripture do say, 'She hath done what she could.' But it do not say what she *could* do."

May Kendall.

A GERMAN AMBASSADOR'S CONFESSIONS.

Prince Lichnowsky's memoirs of his London Embassy in the two critical years before the war, which have appeared piecemeal in the Stockholm Socialist journal *Politiken*, and have been reproduced more or less imperfectly in the English Press demonstrate once for all that Germany forced this war upon Europe at a moment chosen by herself. In the midst of this renewed German offensive, the British public may be forgiven for not having paid much attention to Prince Lichnowsky's astonishing revelations, but when there is time to consider them calmly it will be found that they put the final touch to the indictment of Germany as the criminal who deliberately brought all these horrors upon the world. Prince Lichnowsky did not write his memoirs for publication. He composed them in August, 1916, mainly for the benefit of

his descendants, to show that his mission to London failed through no fault of his own. Fortunately for us, he allowed a few political friends to read his manuscript, and through an "indiscretion" on the part of an officer on the General Staff copies began to circulate privately. One of these copies, smuggled out of Germany into Sweden, has now been published. Its authenticity, though not of course its accuracy, was admitted by the German Vice-Chancellor in the Reichstag on March 16th. The author has had to resign his diplomatic rank, and has been publicly rebuked for putting on paper so many inconvenient truths. We may thus safely regard the document as embodying Prince Lichnowsky's considered view of the events in which he played a noteworthy part as German Ambassador to Great Britain. He had

every facility for studying Lord Grey of Fallodon's diplomacy and for observing the attitude of our politicians and our public towards Germany, and he knew much, though he did not know everything, about the inner policy of the German Government towards us. No German was better qualified than he to pronounce on the issue between the two countries, and to say which of the Governments had honorably tried to keep the peace. It is a matter of no small importance that Prince Lichnowsky, writing as he thought for posterity, should have put it on record that we had strained every effort and made every sacrifice to promote more friendly and cordial relations with Germany, but that the German Government, acting selfishly and in bad faith, failed to respond to our overtures, and at last forced us and our Allies into a war which they might easily have averted.

When Prince Lichnowsky came to London in November, 1912, he found Lord Grey of Fallodon still eager to come to an understanding with Germany, despite the suspicion excited by German manœuvres in Morocco and the Near East. The Ambassador disliked his Government's Balkan policy, which seemed to him unnecessary and dangerous:

In Serbia, against our own economic interests, we supported the Austrian policy of strangulation. We have always ridden horses whose collapse could be foreseen—Kruger, Abdul, Aziz, Abdul Hamid, and William of Wied—and finally we came to grief in Berchtold's stable.

Yet in the Balkan Conference in London in the winter of 1912-13 the Ambassador found that Lord Grey of Fallodon "usually took the side of our group, so as not to provide any pretext for conflict" between the Powers over the Macedonian imbroglio. "That pretext," he adds, "was supplied later by

a dead Archduke." Prince Lichnowsky is definitely of opinion that Austria resolved after the defeat of Bulgaria in the second Balkan War to take her revenge on Serbia, and was encouraged in her mad desire by Berlin. Our Foreign Office watched the effect of Austrian truculence on Russia with some concern. "I have never seen them so excited," said Lord Grey of Fallodon of the Russian Ministers in December, 1913; but he used his influence to smooth matters over. Meanwhile he was working hard to divert Germany into peaceful paths. It is pathetic to read Prince Lichnowsky's account of the long German-British negotiations for a treaty dividing Portuguese Africa into "spheres of influence." The treaty, developed from a secret agreement made by Mr. Balfour and Count Hatzfeld in 1898, was virtually complete in May, 1913, but Prince Lichnowsky could not obtain permission to sign it. Lord Grey of Fallodon "would only sign on condition that the treaty was published," together with the British-Portuguese treaties, for "England has no secret treaties, and it was contrary to existing principles to keep a treaty secret." But the German Foreign Office, "where my successes in London created increasing distrust and where the influential person who took Herr von Holstein's rôle coveted London for himself," refused to publish the treaty, and would not agree to sign it till a few days before the war, when it was too late. The treaty, as events have shown, would have been a fatal bargain for us, but it was, at any rate, a convincing proof of the Government's exceeding friendliness to Germany. This was still further illustrated by the Baghdad Railway treaty, which "aimed in effect at the division of Asia Minor into spheres of interest." By this astounding treaty "the whole of Mesopotamia to Basra became our sphere of interest," while Great Britain was to

have economic rights on the shores of the Persian Gulf and in the Smyrna-Aidin Railway, France in Syria and Russia in Armenia. Lord Grey of Fallodon conceded Germany the extension of the railway to Basra and shipping rights on the Tigris. It is difficult to imagine any further concessions that he could have made; but, as the event showed, nothing could satisfy the insatiable Germans. Prince Lichnowsky testifies, truly enough, that though the rapid growth of the German Navy caused much anxiety, "on account of our fleet alone England would have drawn the sword as little as on account of our trade, which, it is pretended, called forth her jealousy and finally brought about war." He is convinced that Mr. Churchill meant well in proposing "a naval holiday"—"cunning in general not being part of the Englishman's constitution"—though he thinks that the project was impracticable.

Prince Lichnowsky's account of the fatal days of July, 1914, confirms in every respect the story as we know it from official dispatches and speeches. He was on board the Imperial yacht at Kiel when the news of the Austrian Archduke's assassination reached him. "I attached no far-reaching importance to this event. Not until later was I able to establish the fact that among the Austrian aristocrats a feeling of relief outweighed other sentiments." He had been told in the spring by a German Secretary returning from Vienna that war must soon come. When he went to Berlin early in July, 1914, he found the Foreign Office angry about Russia's alleged design to strengthen her Army; Russia, he was told, was "everywhere in our way." He afterwards found that "at the decisive conversation at Potsdam on July 5th"—the famous Crown Council of which we had learned from other sources, despite the German assertions that it

was never held—"all the personages in authority" agreed to Austria's proposal to coerce Serbia, adding "that there would be no harm if a war with Russia were to result—so, at any rate, it is stated in the Austrian protocol which Count Mensdorff received in London." Prince Lichnowsky was then instructed to persuade the British Press to be friendly to Austria as against Serbia. He warned his Government that the British public would sympathize with the little country, but he was told by Herr von Jagow that Russia was not ready for war and would accept the inevitable if Austria blustered. The German Ambassador at Petrograd, Prince Lichnowsky says, had reported that "Russia would not move under any circumstances," and therefore Germany told Austria to put her demands high. Prince Lichnowsky had to urge Lord Grey of Fallodon to preach moderation in Petrograd, while Germany was doing the opposite in Vienna. As he says, "it would only have needed a hint from Berlin to make Count Berchtold satisfy himself with a diplomatic success and put up with the Serbian reply to his unheard-of Note." "But this hint was not given. On the contrary, we pressed for war." Prince Lichnowsky recounts Lord Grey of Fallodon's successive attempts to find a peaceful solution, all foiled because "Berlin went on insisting that Serbia must be massacred." It is instructive to find that even in his reference to the brief conversation which Lord Grey of Fallodon had with him on the telephone on the morning of August 1st, 1914, Prince Lichnowsky confirms the accuracy of the Foreign Secretary's version as against the German Foreign Office, which tried to read into Lord Grey of Fallodon's inquiry whether Germany would remain neutral as between Russia and Austria a proposal that France should remain neutral as between Russia and Ger-

many. In view of Germany's resolute desire for war, it is obviously immaterial whether Russia's mobilization had or had not progressed very far on July 31st. Some Germanophiles have tried hard to exculpate Germany on the strength of the evidence given at the trial of General Sukhomlinoff, but Prince Lichnowsky's memoirs confirm our view that Russia's military measures had no influence whatever on Germany's fatal and criminal decision, which had been taken weeks before Russia had begun to think of mobilizing. Prince Lichnowsky hoped till the last that we should remain neutral. "My French colleague also

The Spectator.

felt himself by no means secure, as I learned from a private source." But "in Berlin one already reckoned upon war with England" as early as August 1st, though the Cabinet here was still hesitating. No stronger testimony to our Government's passionate desire to keep the peace with Germany could be afforded than Prince Lichnowsky has involuntarily given to the world. Nor could there be a more conclusive proof of Germany's determination to break the peace. "The whole civilized world outside Germany," Prince Lichnowsky concludes, "attributes to us the sole guilt of the world-war," and he knows that the world is right.

THE IRISH GUARDS.

POEM BY MR. RUDYARD KIPLING.

(Queen Alexandra, accompanied by Princess Victoria, was present at the Empire matinée, organized by Lady Paget in aid of the Irish Guards' War Fund. The chief novelty was the recital by Mr. Henry Ainley of the following poem, entitled "The Irish Guards," specially written for the occasion by Mr. Rudyard Kipling):

We're not so old in the Army List,
But we're not so young at our trade,
For we had the honor at Fontenoy
Of meeting the Guards Brigade.
'Twas Lally, Dillon, Bulkeley, Clare,
And Lee that led us then,
And after a hundred and seventy years
We're fighting for France again!

*Old Days! The wild geese are fighting
Head to the storm as they faced it
before!*

*For where there are Irish there's bound
to be fighting,*

*And when there's no fighting, it's
Ireland no more!*

Ireland no more!

The fashion's all for khaki now,
But once through France we went,
Full-dressed in scarlet Army cloth—
The English—left at Ghent.
They're fighting on our side today
But before they changed their clothes
The half of Europe knew our fame
As all of Ireland knows!

*Old days! The wild geese are flying
Head to the storm as they faced it
before,
For where there are Irish there's mem-
ory undying,
And when we forget, it is Ireland no
more!*

Ireland no more!

From Barry Wood to Gouzeaucourt,
From Boyne to Pilkem Ridge,
The ancient days come back no more
Than water under the bridge.
But the bridge it stands and the water
runs
As red as yesterday,

And the Irish move to the sound of the
guns
Like salmon to the sea!

*Old days! The wild geese are ranging
Head to the storm as they faced it
before,
For where there are Irish their hearts
are unchanging,
And when they are changed, it is Ire-
land no more!*

Ireland no more!

We're not so old in the Army List,
But we're not so new in the
ring.
For we carried our packs with Marshal
Saxe
When Louis was our King.
The London Post.

But Douglas Haig's our Marshal now
And we're King George's men,
And after one hundred and seventy
years

We're fighting for France again!

*Ah, France! And did we stand by you,
When life was made splendid with
gifts and rewards?*

*Ah, France! And will we deny you
In the hour of your agony, Mother of
Swords?*

*Old Days! The wild geese are fighting,
Head to the storm as they faced it
before,*

*For where there are Irish there's lov-
ing and fighting,
And when we stop either, it's Ireland
no more!*

Ireland no more!

THE GREAT GERMAN OFFENSIVE.

There are two points about the huge enemy offensive against the British line in France that at once strike one in relation to hot disputes concerning the Allies' strategy which have been raging for months past. The first of these has been about the wisdom of our attack on and capture of the high ground in—roughly—the Passchendaele region: the second about the wisdom of what is termed Westernism, i. e., massing our forces in Northern France and Belgium and fighting the enemy or awaiting the enemy's attack there, instead of aiming a deadly blow at him elsewhere, presumably "somewhere in the Balkans."

The first discussion has been carried on chiefly by word of mouth, the second openly in print almost everywhere. The first has been more or less covert—that is, the great mass of the public have scarcely heard or known anything about it. It has been carried on

largely by the informed, by the people who "know about things"—but who are not, therefore, necessarily, infallible judges of things. The American Press has joined in this discussion more freely than our own: the question of Flanders casualties last summer being one on which American public opinion has played more freely than British, or possibly than French and Italian.

The second discussion has been out and out a public one: writers, expert and otherwise, on both sides have argued it with heat for more than a year past. Westernism v. Easternism was a common topic of the War. Some hundreds of gallons of ink and an extravagant amount of paper, considering the shortage of paper, have been expended on it.

As to the first discussion the opening phases of the German offensive are particularly suggestive. The Germans

attacked on a fifty to sixty miles front from near Croisilles right down, apparently, to the junction of the British and French Armies; from the Sensée to the Oise rivers. It was freely—and rightly—predicted that they would attack between Arras and St. Quentin, and this prediction was obviously made on the strength of semi-official advice. It was not confined to any one wiseacre, but was “pooled.” It came of course in the main from the testimony of German prisoners taken in raids. In the opening phase of their attack the enemy left alone all the high ground which we wrested from him last year, save for the ridges about Flesquières and Ribecourt which we gained last November and managed to hold against his counter attack at the end of the Battle of Cambrai, so called: there he has struck at us on the high ground we gained, and he appears to have penetrated our line. But he was clearly bound to do so, or split up his offensive in two parts. Vimy, Messines, and the high ground east of Ypres form a tremendous proposition, for there we hold, thanks to our successes last year, the commanding position. He may attack there presently. It is far too early to feel confident he will not. But of this we can feel absolutely confident—that, should he do so, his task will be far greater and his losses far greater than they would have been if we had shirked our business last year and not taken these heights from him. Messines has never been a bone of contention among critics. It has been everywhere conceded that it was a perfect and economical piece of work. But Messines was a small operation compared with the later Flanders campaigns. The capture of the high ground about Passchendaele was admittedly a costlier task, much longer, much more difficult, much bloodier. It has been over and over again declared by the

hostile critics of the latter operations that we sacrificed too much for a few high positions, that the result to us has been virtually nothing. I suggest that he is rather a rash critic, however, who today will describe the high ground we held in Flanders as of no value. Suppose, instead of being thereon, we had been down in the dreadfully exposed lines where our men sat and were pounded at ever since the first Battle of Ypres. Should we not, in such a case, have been in a much more dangerous position with regard to the Channel Ports?

Flanders may have been costly. It was, indeed. But, with Passchendaele and all the high and commanding ground in that district in the service and undisputed possession of the Germans at the start of this tremendous offensive, people might well have exclaimed, “What bad strategy it was not to have attacked the enemy there last year when the initiative was still ours, and, even at the price of heavy casualties, driven him over the ridges!” Would they not have been right in their complaint? Knowing something about those sectors myself, and knowing what good judges in war say, I feel it would have been quite a true point. As it is, we took, and today at any rate still hold, the high ground. Were we so fortunately placed everywhere south of Vimy, the task of the enemy would be far more formidable even than it is. It is not a time to brag; but it is a time to be thankful for military mercies.

The second question on which the present German offensive throws an even more decisive light is that of Westernism and Easternism. At the moment, who can question it, we are all, whether we relish it or not, Westerners! The enemy has broken into our discussion and compelled us to concentrate all our attention on the Occident. But, as a matter of fact,

has not the quarrel between professed Westerners and professed Easterners been from the start chiefly a futile one? Has it not missed the real points? The supreme land task of the Entente is to withstand and ultimately to break the great bulk of the enemy's armies at whatever place they may have chosen as their main campaigning ground. If they had chosen, say, the South and massed there, with the obvious design of overwhelming Italy, we should have had to withstand and prepare to break them there; or Italy would have been quickly overrun and forced out of the Entente. In that sense—rather a strained and even ridiculous one—all clear-headed and sensible people would be "Southerners"; that is, they would agree that the danger point was the Italian frontier rather than the Belgian one or Northern France.

However, as it is, and has been since the War began, the greatest German menace always fronts us just across the Channel; it fronts us there tremendously today; and, to reach a military decision at all against the enemy, we shall have to reach it there. So in that sense, all clear-headed people are Westerners. The term is bad because it wrongly suggests that those named or naming themselves Westerners view German designs eastward as of quite minor importance. But "Westerners" and "Easterners" have come to stay and we have to accept the term.

Many people insist that the whole of our Entente strategy has been weak. They say that, instead of butting unintelligently at an iron wall in the West, we ought to have struck at Germany through the Balkans, and so killed her ambition of carrying her Empire into the East by the Hamburg to Baghdad scheme. The emphasis which M. Chéradame and other clever men in France and here have laid on the eastward ambition of Germany is jus-

tified. The map of Europe today goes to prove it, and there is a large quantity of good evidence all pointing the same way—the way East. Germany's successful cultivation of Turkey before the War, and in the first stages of the War, is further and convincing proof. It may even be Germany's chief objective today—despite the collapse of Russia and the tempting path for the enemy due East instead of Southeast towards Baghdad; and despite her furious thrust at the British Army. Germany might be ready to sign a peace by which she would evacuate France, and — nominally — evacuate Belgium, provided she were secured in the dazzling but very substantial victory conveyed in the phrase "Hamburg to Baghdad."

There are some who say: "Let us get France and Belgium free and we shall have achieved our real object. We shall be safe then. Baghdad and the rest of it does not matter." They are worse than "Pacifists." They have no sense of national honor and are shortsighted to the point of blindness. If we were to fall into this booby trap, we should not even "draw" the War. Germany would have won a decided victory. She would have consolidated the Central Powers group, and have won clear through to the East. We should naturally have to meet her again before very long in the field and on the water; and meet her on less favoring terms than in the present War for we should have fewer Allies. Everything that M. Chéradame and his well-informed school say in this is profoundly true. We should be soundly beaten if we struck such a bargain—giving Germany a free hand in the Southeast in exchange for the seeming relief of Northern France and Belgium; and we should richly deserve the beating. That compromise is one for cowards and fools.

We cannot think of giving the rein

to Germany's ambition in the Balkans and the Southeast. We have to end the alliance and policy of the Central Powers group. Unless that is done, I repeat, we cannot win, or even "draw" the War—it will be a win for Germany. Freeing, nominally, France and Belgium and stopping at that, means a German triumph—whether we do it by treaty or do it by arms. It would be a temporary relief for France, Belgium and ourselves, not more. I prefer to that low compromise even the clamor of the open "Pacifists."

But though the Balkans and the Southeast are vital to the Entente nations—all of these, great and small; France, Great Britain and the United States have to concentrate their military efforts at the Western Front; because that is the theatre of war they can most easily reach, and the theatre where the mightiest enemy armies are concentrated against them, and will be to the close. In that sense every clear-minded man must be a Westerner absolutely.

"Side shows" or "little packets" have been necessary to the Entente throughout the War. We could not suffer the Central Powers unopposed to overrun all the Balkans and the Near East. We have waged much unsuccessful war there, but it has been far better than a clear pass for Germany. Even Gallipoli was better than nothing; while by our Palestine campaign we have

The Nineteenth Century and After.

somewhat retrieved the Entente's prestige. But, worse than nothing at all, fatal and fantastic strategy, would it have been if we had followed extreme Easterners' counsel and concentrated great forces for a campaign "somewhere in the Balkans" or Near East. Imagine, in such a case, our awful plight today! More than a year and a half ago there was a movement in favor of detaching whole Divisions from the Western Front and sending them to another campaigning ground in the Southeast. It had very formidable backers, including at least one Prime Minister, probably two: and this was even before the Battle of the Somme was fairly closed by the German retreat to the Hindenburg line! The policy very nearly succeeded. Happily it broke down almost at the last minute.

The Easterners are on strong ground, geographically and politically. They have information, and they have what many Westerners lack—imagination. But if their strategical views had prevailed, the nation and the Entente cause would by now have committed suicide. The British Army, fighting every yard of ground against a satanic enemy in the West today—on that we set all our hopes. For that we know no craven fear. We recognize it for what it clearly is—the greatest achievement, moral and material, in a thousand years of English History.

George A. B. Dewar.

POLICING THE FRENCH COAST.

A sailor stood out on the parapet of one of the old forts, flag wagging. The Commandant said it would be a half-hour ere the convoy came in; so we lay down in the heather to enjoy the

play of sunshine on sky and wave, and to dream over what we had already seen. Far below stretched, on one hand, the bay, a purple sheet scarcely ruffled, reaching out arms into its clouded

circle of hills; on the other, the Atlantic, whipped white by a smart west wind.

The other day this would have meant to me no more than any like scene of peace-time memories—the noble expanse before New York, the roadstead of Liverpool, full of homing birds from all the oceans, the narrow gate beside forgotten Troy, or the sapphire crescent between Capri and Ischia. No more than that sufficient book of hoary romance. It is all here, in the narrow streets of a famous port, and at a hundred moorings—the stuff that makes the sea life the most poignant of human affairs; every battered hull, every storm-cut face hints at some tale that would set our hearts afire. If that were all!

There is so much more that we are like to forget the fighter must first be a sailor; the wielder of shell, torpedo and depth charge must first have graduated in more ancient and worthier arts. If only for this, it is good to come and live for a few days with the men of the Fleet, to read in their blue eyes and slow words what strength and calm a cleaner strife created, and this other warfare does but devour: the strong calm of the lovers of the sea, for whom

Earth beside her and heaven above her
Seem but shadows that wax and wane.

Alas! our business is only with this base interpolation in the glorious annals of the sea—the enemy submarine—and the measures that have been taken to meet it; a story that some day, when the sailor has gone back to his own work, will be classed with the exploits of Captain Kidd and the Barbary pirates. It is a graceless, thankless work of police the Allies—France taking her full share—have to carry on at immense cost on the seas, with no reward but a bare security, for it is hardly to be hoped that the

complete suppression of this pest can come except as a part of victory in the chief field.

So our rocky eyrie has the air of being the central post of a vast police station, with something of a railway station added; a modern equivalent of the municipal stronghold on a mediæval caravan route, a place where the road guards change and the convoys are re-formed. Down below us, swinging gently to the tide, a flock of little tramps and larger cargo boats wait their turn to be shepherd out upon the next stage of their various Odysseys. There is very little separate voyaging for average traders nowadays; and, as far as possible, shunted together in daily changing groups, they hug the shore, and, according to circumstances, choose night or day passages.

Behind one of the hills bounding the bay lies one of his chief stations of dirigibles and captive balloons. Most of the amateur prophecy of ten years ago has gone wrong over these rather unhandy monsters, whose chief usefulness lies in their power of hovering and continuously examining a limited area. A gale puts them out of action; but in good weather they do valuable service in watching the estuaries and straits that would otherwise be the enemy's richest hunting ground.

At the opposite side of the bay, in a cove that is normally busy with the comings and goings of fishing smacks, I spent several hours at one of the chief aviation centers of the French navy. Air patrols take an increasing part in the anti-submarine defense. Until the seaplane squadrigillas can be brought up to the needed number, a few aeroplanes are employed; but it is essentially a naval service, and it is rapidly adding to the aviator's hardihood a tactic appropriate to the strange condition of the task. With his few but terrible bombs, his power of

soaring high and seeing far, and then of swooping down in a moment upon his prey, the seaplane pilot is, perhaps, the foe the submarine most dreads.

Within the sheltering arm of one of the breakwaters, there is a station of French submarines. Like a pack of wolfhounds beside their kennels, half a dozen of them basked innocently in the sunshine. Some of the crews lolled about the pontoon with an air of holiday ease that seemed to protest that they were quite ordinary mortals, that there was nothing singular in being sunk five fathoms deep in a steel box, nothing in that rolling, mysterious underworld to which you and I could not easily accustom ourselves. On one of the vessels I examined, the men were having dinner in their cuddy, evidently preferring its narrow snugness to the windy spaces of the neighboring sheds. But, however the sailor may feel, years must pass ere the landsman's mind is brought to accept the submarine as anything but an extraordinary and alarming thing.

True, the newer types show great improvement, apart from their war
The London Chronicle.

mechanism and material. In one I visited, the undersea deck was divided into seven sections—petty officers' quarters, accumulators, the central post and periscope chamber, officers' cabin and berths, petrol engines, electrical engines and crew's quarters; and economy of space has surely never been carried out so ingeniously. Enclosed electric stoves permit the cooking of food without any fouling of the atmosphere; and the oxygen generators and air purifiers are said to work well. In the French navy, only volunteers are engaged for the submersibles, and they are never lacking.

Our half hour is up; I have said nothing of the destroyers, gunboats, torpedo boats, mine sweepers, trawlers and miscellaneous scouts that carry on the police work of the French coast in general, and form the convoys in particular; and the chief arrival of to-day's timetable is signaled. A dozen tramps are rounding the cape in a long queue, with a destroyer and a frisky trawler leading, and other watchdogs on their flanks. All are safe and well; the voyage from the British coast has passed without trouble.

G. H. Perris.

WARTIME FINANCE.

CAPITAL AND COMBINATION.

British Traders are everywhere preparing for the War that must come after the War. Greater fluid capital will be needed, and a closer combination all round, if we are to hold our own and make progress. In accordance with our racial habit and history, we are not relying upon the aid of the State, as Germany did and does, though some assistance will be claimed and given. In the main, we still look to in-

dividual effort and enterprise in the future, as we have done in the past, to provide the needful power; but we have learned this can only come from the greater strength of united action and closer combination in all matters of Trade and Commerce. The Bankers began it: amalgamation is now in the air. The latest great plan is that of the London County & Westminster with Parr's Bank. Parr's, which started in Lancashire in 1865, and has

ever since been absorbing into itself many other Banks, would, by this last combination, create an institution which would have total deposits of over £210,000,000, and so come second in the list; the first five great Banks totaling in their deposits about a thousand millions.

There is thus no doubt about the vast store of capital ready for use in the country. It is clearly through the methods and machinery of the Banks that it must be made available for trading purposes. The State will help and the new British Trade Bank should do well; but the work of the business world as to providing capital can only be taken in hand and carried out by, and through, the Bankers themselves. That is why we have these fusions and amalgamations, so that our monetary power may be increased, and may present a united fighting front against all our competing enemies. With capital assured, we come to the next essential thing, which is, combination in Commerce and Industry. The day of small concerns is over; they can no longer hold their own in the world's competition. It is idle to deny that these amalgamations, and the coming combinations in Trade, follow upon our learning the lesson taught us by Germany. It was her enormous Banking power, working with her vast Trade combinations, which gave her so high a place in the business of the nations. It is for us to adopt these ideas and carry them out more perfectly.

Combinations of Firms and Companies in the same line, as against any competition among themselves, must be the keynote of our future Trade. This idea is now working out fruitfully in Shipping, in Explosives, in Electrical enterprise, in Commercial Chemistry, and in many other areas of production and of business. Amalgamation is giving new life and greater power to the whole world of Insurance and the

smaller offices are being absorbed in the larger Companies, to the common benefit of them all. It is, indeed, the trend and tendency of the time, and it is mainly based upon that wide awakening brought about by the War which has shown us our weakness, and also the way to gain strength by means of greater union and combination everywhere. Our first efforts must be directed to the capture and control of the metals and the other materials needed to supply our industries and manufactures. In the British Empire we have vast resources which we must keep for our own people. It is in this way that the use of a large capital and the power of great Companies will be made manifest. We ought never again to allow the vital things we need for production to be taken out of our grasp and be controlled against us by any other Power, as we have hitherto done unthinkingly.

This combination of Traders and Companies in the same line of enterprise is an essential of successful commerce on a large scale today. That principle was acted upon by Germany in the most practical manner. It was, indeed, one of the most active causes of her abounding prosperity. It is merely a matter of arrangement and administration, if we can only get rid of our old national prejudices and our pet Economic theories in favor of individuality and competition. There is really no more difficulty in achieving a combination of persons and companies forming one great Trading Corporation than there is in the amalgamation of several Banks or Insurance Offices—things which are now being carried out every day. The State need not be called in aid: it is becoming more and more obvious to Traders themselves that they cannot hold their own in the business of the world unless they are able to compete with the great and wealthy concerns of foreign

countries. But with such vast financial power as we now possess, with such stores of enterprise and energy as our Traders hold, we assuredly shall have the capital needed, and we can soon achieve the combinations required nowadays to bring about a real success?

The Bankers' Journal.

THE UTILIZATION OF DUTCH SHIPPING.

As the Dutch Government has refused to agree unreservedly to the terms proposed by the Allies for the use of its shipping at present in their ports, President Wilson issued a proclamation on Wednesday authorizing the seizure of Dutch merchant ships hitherto held up in the ports of the United States, and they were duly taken over the same evening. Legally, this action is a revival of the mediæval "right of angary," under which a belligerent Power might seize neutral ships in its own ports, even for the transfer of its troops and munitions—a right which, according to some authorities on international law, is not yet extinct, though it was narrowed down in the eighteenth century to cases where the seizure was for some strategic purpose, and was thus exercised by the French Government in 1871, when British colliers were sunk at Duclair, on the Seine, to prevent a passage by German gunboats. In this case, however, the ships are to be used for the delivery to Holland of grain unobtainable otherwise, and for the revictualing of Belgium and Switzerland, as well as for the general purposes of the Allies. The negotiations for their use began last autumn, at Washington, and in December were transferred to London. There an Anglo-Dutch Conference settled provisionally the quantities of cereals, fodder and forage to be delivered by the Allies to Holland, and of provisions to be exported thence into Germany, by way of compensa-

tion for German supplies, chiefly of coal and iron. An agreement was provisionally accepted in January by the Dutch delegates, under which 350,000 tons of Dutch shipping (then in Dutch ports) was assigned to the supplying of Holland, 150,000 tons to Belgian relief work, and 450,000 tons to the Allies, for use for their own purposes outside the danger zone. Pending ratification, it was arranged that two Dutch ships in Allied harbors should take food-stuffs to Holland, two should leave Holland to replace them, and Dutch ships should be chartered to the Allies for periods of about 90 days. But Germany would not let the Dutch ships leave Holland, and the Dutch shipowners would not charter their ships in foreign ports to the Allies, or even let them take foodstuffs for Switzerland to Cette. The Allies then pressed for ratification, eventually adding a new condition, in view of the delay, that the Dutch ships should be used within the danger zone. They propose, of course, to replace any ships sunk, to pay hire and insurance, and to repatriate the crews, and the seizure is limited to the Dutch shipping now in foreign waters. As the Dutch Government still made conditions, among them that no requisition ship should carry war material, they have felt compelled to take action, after giving ten days' notice, both in the interest of Belgium and of Holland—to which Germany cannot supply the needed cereals and fodder—and also to counteract in general the German submarine blockade. The Dutch Prime Minister appears to fear that so many Dutch ships will be sunk as to endanger Dutch colonial and maritime commerce. That fear is illusory; and Germany cannot well suspend her supplies of coal and iron to Holland without risking the cessation of her supplies of Dutch food-stuffs. Her only other remedy besides attacking the ships is an invasion of

Holland, and that would do her more harm than good. The resentment of a portion of the Dutch Press at the Allies' action is intelligible, so is their fear of Germany, but the explanations

The Economist.

given by Lord Robert Cecil and President Wilson prove clearly, if proof is still needed, that the seizure will at least save the Dutch and Belgian peoples from famine.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

A compact, sensible and comprehensive little book, prepared by Professor Irving Fisher of Yale and Dr. Eugene Lyman Fisk, Medical Director of the Life Direction Institute, gives wise and fundamental counsel regarding conditions essential to "Health for the Soldier and Sailor" (Funk & Wagnalls Co.). It is free from technicalities, simply and directly written, and a most useful mentor regarding foods and poisons, general hygiene, the avoidance of disease, and the uses of physical exercise. Written for the average man, it is well calculated to promote "man power" in this war crisis, and to serve the purpose indicated in the motto "How to keep them 'fit.'"

Under the title "Our Revolution," Moissaye J. Olgin, whose recently published work on "The Soul of the Russian Revolution" gave to American readers the most illuminating account of the forces and events which led up to the overthrow of the Tsar and the chaos which followed, has grouped translations of certain of the writings of Leon Trotsky, one of the two Bolshevik leaders most responsible for the Russian collapse. The world has witnessed the practical workings of Trotsky's theories, and the results of his leadership; in this volume we are given the dreams and ideals which for more than a dozen years have prompted his activities and formed a part of his propaganda before and during the Rev-

olution of 1905, and in the intervening years. The scattered writings here collected go far to explain both Trotsky and Bolshevism. Henry Holt & Co.

Richard Morse's "Fear God in Your Own Village" (Henry Holt & Co.) is not fiction, but a lively and interesting account of what the author describes as "an attempt to put the fear of God into an American rural community; that is, to bring order out of the chaos of its social and civic affairs, to put pride and co-operation in the place of suspicion and individualism, to make narrow prejudice and plain cussedness give way to sympathy and unselfish service." Not an easy undertaking this; but perseverance, energy, good temper and good sense made it possible. There are a good many "Hill-dales" scattered over this country, and there seems to be no good reason why similar efforts, made in a similar spirit, should not yield like results. To anyone disposed to engage in such an enterprise this narrative cannot fail to be suggestive and stimulating.

"Two War Years in Constantinople" by Dr. Harry Stuermer (George H. Doran Co.) is one of the great surprises of war literature—an indictment of German policy and methods, and, by implication at least of the Kaiser himself by a German, formerly in the German army, and, during a part of the war, a war correspondent of one of the best-known German newspapers. It is

needless to say that his life would not be worth much if he were to venture back into Germany. It was what he witnessed of Turkish atrocities toward the Armenians in Constantinople, and his knowledge of the fact that Germany tolerated them that impelled him to make the disclosures contained in this volume, and to take a definitely anti-German attitude. He declares under oath that it was not through any outside influence or as the agent of any propaganda that he wrote the book, but to relieve his own conscience and to perform a service for truth and civilization. He describes, from definite, personal sources, some of the outrages perpetrated by German soldiers upon civilians in Belgium; exposes the machinations of the German embassy in Constantinople; and from what he himself witnessed tells of the persecutions of the Greeks in Thrace and Western Anatolia. Through the pages of his book the reader sees from the inside the workings of the Prussian military system, and its relentless disregard of every principle of humanity and decency.

"The Indian Drum," by William MacHarg and Edwin Balmer, combines in a remarkable degree popular qualities with the charm of background and atmosphere which delight the fastidious reader. A story of the Great Lakes, it takes its title from an Indian legend of a spectral drum hidden among the forests at the northern end of Lake Michigan, which booms out its hollow note once for every life lost in the lake. In 1895, tradition says, at the loss of the new steel freighter "Miwaka" with twenty-five on board, the drum sounded but twenty-four. On the identity of the possible survivor turns the plot of the story, which opens in 1917 with the mysterious disappearance of the senior partner of a large Chicago shipping firm and the equally mysterious ap-

pearance from Blue Rapids, Kansas, of a young man whom he has summoned by letter, and whom his will declares to be his heir. The plot is full of unexpected turns; the characters are real; the dialogue is good; and the descriptions are extraordinarily well done. The authors write with genuine enthusiasm of the Lakes, and of the courage and energy which developed the shipping industry there, and if only for the vivid light thrown on a little-known chapter of American development their book would be well worth reading. The chapters describing the collision which wrecks Car ferry No. 25 among the floating ice, as she is making her last trip before navigation closes for the winter, are really thrilling. Little, Brown & Co.

To say that the author of "Emma McChesney & Co." has surpassed herself is strong praise, but Edna Furbur has earned it with "Fanny Herself." The central figure of its opening chapters is Fanny's mother, the shrewd, capable, large-hearted owner of a general store in a Wisconsin town of some ten thousand inhabitants. Overworked in a struggle to give her son a musical education in Germany, Mrs. Brandeis dies suddenly from pneumonia developing after the Christmas rush, and Fanny herself becomes the heroine of the story. Bitter at the thought of her mother's laborious life; Fanny resolves to make selfish success her own sole aim, and lays her plans deliberately to that end. Cutting loose from her old friends, and especially from her Jewish affiliations, she takes a position in Chicago with the giant mail order house of Haynes-Cooper, and two-thirds of the book is devoted to her experiences with them, including a trip to New York as buyer for their infant-wear department and a later one to Berlin and Paris. Her carefully cultivated egotism is put to the test by the

return of her brother, who has made an unfortunate marriage, and by the reappearance of an old schoolmate, who appeals to her in behalf of the ideals of their race. Miss Furber's versatility shows itself in the outdoor chapters—the Sunday on the Indiana dunes and the night at Timberline Cabin on the Long's Peak trail—which are as fascinating in their way as the intensely realistic details of business management. Fanny herself is a vivid, glowing personality, not easily forgotten. Frederick A. Stokes Co.

From the Paris of today—stripped for war, beset by hostile armies, raided by airplanes, and bombarded by monster guns—it is a relief to turn to so delightful a portrayal of the Paris of yesterday as Gertrude Slaughter presents in "Two Children in Old Paris: From the Notes of a Journal by their Mother" (The Macmillan Co.). In their school, in their games with French playmates, in their visits to the theatres, in their drives through neighboring forests, in their rambles through the gardens, and in their tastes of French art and poetry and history, the two charming young girls and their equally charming mother whose experiences are described in this volume find unfalling and varied pleasure, and penetrate more nearly to the heart of old Paris than would have been possible to mere tourists. Incidentally, it is an alluring picture of young girlhood under the most favorable conditions for which old Paris furnishes a background.

No contemporary artist has the enthusiasm for what he describes as "the wonders of work" or the genius for graphically depicting them that Joseph Pennell has shown in his pictures of the Panama Canal, in his pictures of the "Wonder of Work," as studied by him in many lands for a long period of peaceful years, and in a later volume

devoted to "Pictures of War Work in England." Any great creation of human industry appeals to his imagination and fills him with a desire to sketch it. His latest volume, "Pictures of War Work in America"—published, like the others, by the J. B. Lippincott Co.—will be, to Americans, at least, at the present time, the most impressive of all; for it gives far more vividly than any mere description could do, an adequate idea of the work which has been done and is being done in America in the creation of the mighty machinery of war. The enthusiasm which Mr. Pennell has thrown into this volume is by no means an enthusiasm for war; he frankly declares that he does not believe in war, though doubtless he would make exceptions where great principles and human liberty are at stake; but he does not see why some pictorial record should not be made of what is being done to carry on the war—made from an artist's standpoint. And it certainly will be reassuring to Americans that, with all the opportunities which he has had for studying war work in England and France, Mr. Pennell pronounces the Wonder of Work "more wonderful in the United States than anywhere else in the world to-day." And whoever turns the pages of this volume and studies the thirty-six pages of lithographs of the shipyards, forges, shell factories, gun factories and other huge munition works will certainly share his enthusiasm. For obvious reasons, the location of these great works is not indicated, nor the amount of their output, for that would be giving information to the enemy; but, within these limitations, Mr. Pennell has enjoyed the full confidence and has received the active assistance of the Secretary of War, the Secretary of the Navy, the heads of the various sub-departments and the managers of the great industrial works which he has pictured; and in brief notes described.

THE SEARCHLIGHT.

Peering like a goblin in and out
among the clouds,
Bobbing to my fellows, that bob and
scurry by,
Dancing in the wide and windy spaces
of the sky,
I, the light of Hampstead, hold the
eyes of Hampstead crowds.

Men and women jostling in the streets
and on the Heath;
Tired men and women, stop and turn
and watch my course,
Riding down the heaven like a God
upon a horse
Fit for Gods, my stars above, my shaft
of light beneath.

Wide eyes staring out between black
blinds
Go in wonder after me; and while I
wheel and turn
In the cool and quiet of me eyes that
ache and burn
Find the cool and quiet dusty daylight
never finds.

White mists lazily lying on the Thames,
Whipped to silver spirals, shift and
shiver in my beams:
Black and smoky chimneys spitting
black smoke-streams
Turn to Babylonian towers with
Babylonian names.

Now I cast inquisitive eastwards to the
sea,
Now across the hills to westward curi-
ously flash,
Speed away—hesitate and hover—turn
and dash
Back again to known skies, with Hamp-
stead under me.

Back again to Hampstead travel I, the
Hampstead light,
Dancing in the wide and windy spaces
of the sky:
All the Heath is empty, all the streets
are quiet: I
Kiss the window-watchers' eyes, and
sign Good-night.

Lewis Gieloud.

The Westminster Gazette.

"QUIEN TIENE LENGUA A ROMA
LLEGA."

(Spanish Proverb.)

*"He that hath a nimble tongue may
even get to Rome."*

So say the lightfoot gipsy folk who
know all Earth as home.
But since the world is very big they
drift about in Spain
And take their fill of wandering and
then set out again.
Some lead, along the Seville road, a life
of dusty ease,
Some cross the rolling Mancha and the
snowy Pyrenees,
And northward to the Puy de Dôme
and eastward to Marseilles
They clip the mules in patterns and
they dock the donkeys' tails.

Alas! the world has lost its way, as
never gipsy could,
And shells are blasting from our sight
deer-track and beechen wood,
Where François Premier loved to hunt
and soothe his soul of old
When sated with an Entente's pomp
and sick of Cloth of Gold.
The little twilight winds at dusk which
stirred the sleeping leaves
Now moan around each riven branch
while all the forest grieves
That where the wood-smoke used to
rise from gipsy fires aglow
The star shells and the Verey lights
now hissing come and go.

Yet you may find the gipsy men spread
far from sea to sea,
'Tis still the land of Romany wherever
they may be;
And some are back in Egypt, whence
the earliest Gippy came;
They may take the field as soldiers, yet
the wandering's their game.
And, though the *chals* must risk their
lives in many a bitter fight,
Still on Piave's blood-stained banks
their brazier glows at night,
For under arms the wander-folk yet
find a chance to roam
Where he that hath a nimble tongue
may even get to Rome.

Punch.